

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 386.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1824.

PRICE 1s.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The History of Ancient and Modern Wines.*  
4to. pp. 408. London 1824. Baldwin.

ALTHOUGH the title page to this work does not display the name of the author, yet the signature to the preface informs the public that it is the production of Dr. Alexander Henderson, a gentleman well known in the scientific circles of the metropolis. Before entering upon the consideration of its merits, we must remark that it is one of the handsomest and most tasteful books which has lately issued from the press; and, independent of its great intrinsic value, arising, as we shall demonstrate, from the able manner in which the subject it treats of is handled, the printing and embellishments are of a description which entitle the volume to be regarded as a very favourable specimen of the progress of the typographic art, and that of engraving on wood, in this country. The decorations, which consist of vignettes and initial letters, are, "with one or two exceptions, designed from the antique," and reflect great credit on the taste and talent of Mr. William Harvey, by whom, we are informed in the preface, they have been drawn and engraved. We consider this commendation as a simple act of justice to the physiognomy of the volume, and, having performed it, we will now endeavour to give our readers some idea of its higher qualifications, and illustrate our remarks by some extracts, which we regret that the nature of the Gazette will not admit to be so extended as we could have desired, to enable the public to judge of its style and execution.

The dissertation of Sir Edward Barry, which was published about fifty years ago, was the only History of Wine, of any extent, in the English language, prior to the appearance of Dr. Henderson's volume. That work, it now appears, in consequence of the interest excited by the topic, acquired a much higher reputation than it merited; for, as our author observes in his preface, Barry has evidently borrowed "the particulars of his knowledge with regard to ancient wines from Bacci," and not improved them in value by the observations which he himself contributed. He has lanced into disquisitions also foreign to his subject, and his quotations and references are, "for the most part, so exceedingly inaccurate as to show plainly that he could have seldom consulted the originals." The defectiveness of Barry's work, however, stimulated the industry and talent of Dr. Henderson to exertion, and the result of his labours is the volume now before us.

Dr. Henderson has divided his subject into two parts, the first of which treats of the history of *ancient wine*, the second that of *modern wines*. In the management of the former, he has displayed great learning, indefatigable industry in searching for authorities, good taste in his quotations, and correct judgment in separating conjecture from fact, and in selecting that information which the writings of

the ancients afford most likely to prove practically useful. In the latter, the details have been obtained by personally visiting the wine countries, and conversing with the manufacturers of wine, and from an intimate acquaintance with all that preceding authors have written on the subject. The materials necessary, however, for writing such a History of Wines as our author has produced, might have been possessed by many able and industrious individuals, and yet a work of much inferior character have resulted; and we are of opinion that much of the excellence of this historical dissertation is undoubtedly due to the nature of the author's previous studies in qualifying himself for his profession.

Before commencing the *History of Ancient Wines*, Doctor Henderson treats, separately in an introductory chapter, on the following important topics connected with the manufacture of wine:—Vinous Fermentation; the Culture of the Vine; the Management of the Vintage; Secondary Fermentation; Disorders of Wines and the Formation of Alcohol; by which the minds of his readers are prepared for the details which are afterwards brought forward. These subjects are not of a description to admit of extracts without mutilation; and therefore we shall merely make a few remarks on the manner in which our author has managed them. The opinions of the latest and best chemists, on the intricate subject of Fermentation, are first examined, and explained in correct and perspicuous language; and although no new theory be advanced, yet the reader is put in possession of the knowledge of the most probable of the numerous theories which have been hazarded. Doctor Henderson adopts the opinion of Cadet, that "the elementary constituent on which the fermentative process depends," is "a natural compound of sugar, mucilage, and extractive matter, having the property of fermenting when sufficiently diluted with water;" an opinion which has been confirmed, in a great degree, by the experiments of Thenard, the best analytical chemist of the age, who separated this natural leaven from carrants, and asserts that it excites fermentation by its hydrogen and carbon abstracting a portion of the oxygen, which is one of the elementary principles of the saccharine matter contained in the expressed juice of the grape, and by thus changing the proportion of its elements, converts it into spirit, or alcohol, the ultimate principles of which are the same as those of sugar, but in different proportions. To insure a regular and complete fermentation, we are informed that the grapes must be "all equally trodden, and the vat into which the *must* (i. e. the expressed juice), is introduced, ought to be filled as speedily as possible;" the temperature should be maintained at or about the sixty-fifth degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer; and the external air admitted in the first instance, although it is not afterwards essential, but even injurious when the fermentation is fairly established, by per-

mitting a large proportion of the alcohol and the aroma to escape with the carbonic acid gas which is disengaged during the process: a most useful piece of information to the fair manufacturers of the currant and raisin madeira and gooseberry champagne which occasionally are permitted to appear on our tables, and who generally err in allowing the fermentation to proceed too far before they close the casks in which the process is conducted. The culture of the grape materially influences the constitution of the *must*, and consequently the character of the wine; and as this is a chief source of the varieties of wines, Dr. Henderson has given such an account of the circumstances connected with it as is necessary to illustrate his descriptions of those wines which were known and distinguished by particular names by the ancients, as well as those familiar to the moderns. The chief of these circumstances are, 1. The varieties of the grape, of which there are 1400 in the provinces of France alone; 2. Climate; 3. Soil, to which in fact might be referred the varieties of the vine; 4. Differences in the inclination and exposure of the ground; 5. The nature of the seasons; 6. Manuring; and, 7. The modes of planting, training, and propping. Each of these subjects is briefly but sufficiently investigated. But we must here remark, that we think our author has erred in enumerating the nature of the seasons among the causes of the varieties of wines, for however much this may operate in modifying the quality of the varieties already known, it surely is not likely to produce new.

The management of the vintage tends greatly "to determine the characters of the wines produced;" thus for a brisk wine the grapes are gathered before they are perfectly ripe; for a dry, as soon as they have acquired their proper maturity; and "if a sweet wine be desired," the gathering is postponed to the latest period. Dry and clear weather is generally chosen for the vintage; but the best brisk champagne is made from "the grapes that are collected during a fog, or before the dew that has settled on the vines is dispersed." The roughness of wines depends, in some degree, on the circumstance of the stalks of the grapes being added to the *must*, or excluded. In the preparation of port, we are told, "they are always used; but in the manufacture of the more delicate red wines of Bordeaux they are generally excluded." With regard to colour, this is "derived from the skin of the grape; for the juice of red or black grapes, with the exception of the *tinfilla* grape, the pulp of which is coloured, yields as colourless a wine as that procured from white grapes, when it is fermented without the hulls. On the colouring-matter, also, the aroma has generally been supposed to depend; but from some experiments of Doctor Prout, performed at our author's request, this supposition appears to be at least problematical. In noticing the secondary fermentation, Doctor Henderson describes the operation of *sulphuring*, or the

burning of sulphur in the casks, previously to racking the wine into them, a process which, he informs us, owes its efficacy to "the acid which is generated, apparently exerting its chief agency on the portion of mucilaginous extractive matter which remains suspended in the liquor, and, by rendering it insoluble, depriving it of the power to re-excite fermentation."

The preservation of wines, we believe, depends on the chemical constituents of the fluid being balanced as either to suspend the vinous fermentation, or maintain it in such a slow manner as not to extract the saccharine principles which the fluid contains. If the constituents be thus "duly balanced," (says our author) if it has been thoroughly clarified, and freed from the superabundant extractive matter; or if it contains a larger proportion of sugar than the leaven, which may still exist in it, is capable of decomposing, it will keep an indefinite length of time without experiencing any deleterious change." When these requisites are wanting, "the wine is apt to become *ropy* and *sour*," an effect which is caused by "the conversion of the alcohol into acetic acid." A philosophical and correct explanation of the process of the acetous fermentation in wines is given by our author; but we would have felt grateful to him if he had entered into some details with regard to the best method of preventing it, and of keeping wines, in this preliminary dissertation.

Dr. Henderson next notices the peculiar bitterness which Burgundy and Rhenish wines sometimes acquire both in the wood and in bottle; and, rejecting the opinion of Chaptal, "that it proceeds from the development of the acerb principle naturally inherent in those wines, which in their more recent state is marked by the saccharine matter they contain," he conceives with much probability that it "originates from the formation of a quantity of citric ether, which is known to have an extremely bitter taste."

Dr. Henderson commences the Historical part of his work by an inquiry into the nature and management of the vineyards of the ancients; and it is curious to observe in how few circumstances their most approved system differed from that of the moderns. The varieties of their vines were considerable, and attempts have been made to point out the affinities of these to our modern varieties; but when we consider the changes which soil and culture produce in the vine, even in a few years, "it would be absurd (as our author justly remarks) to imagine that, after a lapse of two thousand years, we should be able to assign the exact place, in a modern botanical arrangement, to the varieties that adorned the Massic or Surrentine Hills. The variety which they most esteemed, appears to have been the Animean, which produced a small grape, that is described as surpassing all others in richness and flavour. The most remarkable fact connected with the vineyards of the ancients is their productiveness: the Roman *jugum*, which was less than an English acre, being computed to yield fifty-four hogsheads of wine; whereas the best vineyards in the Lyonnais, the most productive in France, afford little more than one-fifth of this quantity. This superiority however in a great degree arose, according to Columella, from the ancients "allowing their vines to grow to a degree of luxuriance quite incompatible with the rules of good husbandry, and forcing them to bear, till in the end

they became exhausted, or lost all their original excellence."

In the second chapter, which treats "of the management of the vintage, and the processes used by the ancients in the preparation of their wines," much curious and interesting matter is brought together; and its details display a degree of industry and discrimination highly creditable to our author. The third chapter, on "the wine vessels and wine cellars of the ancients," is not less ably handled; but as the limits of our Journal prevent us from noticing either in that manner which would do justice to their merits, we shall pass on to those chapters which especially treat of the principal wines of the ancients. The earliest of the Greek wines was the Maronean, a sweet black wine, which Homer describes as "rich, unadulterate, and fit drink for the gods," and as so potent, that it was usually mixed with twenty measures of water. Nearly of equal antiquity was the Pramnian, a strong, hard, astringent, red wine, from the island of Icarus. Dr. Henderson compares it to our common Port wine; like which also, it was often used medicinally, "and on that account was sometimes called *pharmacites*." The best Greek wines however, we are informed, and those in which they surpassed all other nations, were the luscious sweet wines, the products of the Ionian and Ægean seas, particularly Lesbos, Chios, and Thasos. They were wines of a pale amber colour, with much odour and a high flavour. The Phanean, which is extolled by Virgil as the King of Wines, was from Chios. The lighter wines were the Mendean, the Argitis, and the Omphacites: but the Greeks were also familiar with the African and Asiatic wines, several of which were in high reputation. Of each of these wines our author gives the character from the best ancient authorities, mixing the information respecting the wines themselves with whatever is interesting connected with their use. The following extract will demonstrate the manner in which he performs this part of his task.

"According to Florentinus, some of the Bithynian wines, but especially that procured from a species of grape called *Mersites*, were of the choicest quality; \* the wines of Byblos, in Phœnicia, on the other hand, vied in fragrance with the Lesbian; and, if we may confide in the report of Athenæus, the white wines of Mareotis and Tœnia, in Lower Egypt, were of almost unrivalled excellence. The former, which was sometimes called Alexandrian, from the neighbouring territory, was a light, sweetish, white wine, with a delicate perfume, of easy digestion, and not apt to affect the head; though the allusion of Horace, to its influence on the mind of Cleopatra, would seem to imply that it had not always preserved its innocuous quality.† The wine of Meroë, however, which was produced at the feast given to Cæsar by that voluptuous female, would appear to have been in still higher estimation, and to have borne some resemblance to the Falernian.‡ The Taniotic, on the other hand, which derived its name from the narrow slip of land where it grew, was a grey or greenish wine (*βρώχλαπος*), of a greater consistence and more luscious taste than the Mareotic, but accompanied with some degree of astringency, and a rich aromatic odour. The wine of Antylla, also the produce of the vicinity of Alexandria, was the only remain-

ing growth from among the numerous vineyards which adorned the banks of the Nile, that attained any degree of celebrity.§"

The wines of ancient Italy, more celebrated than those of Greece, are next amply treated of by Dr. Henderson. The choicest of the Roman wines were the Massic and Falernian; and in tracing the locality of the first of these, our author corrects an error, or rather an assumption of Barry, who confounds the Gaurus and Massicus mountains, and without specifying his authority, "affirms that the original names of the hills in this district were changed in the course of time, and supposes that Gaurus was called *Massicus*, &c.;" whereas both Pliny and Florus enumerate them as separate mountains of the Campania. Without following our author in his description of the minor wines of the masters of the world, we shall extract what he says of the Falernian:

"No wine has ever acquired such extensive celebrity as the Falernian, or more truly merited the name of 'immortal,' which Martial has conferred upon it. At least, of all ancient wines, it is the one most generally known in modern times; for while other eminent growths are overlooked or forgotten, few readers will be found who have not formed some acquaintance with the Falernian; and its fame must descend to the latest ages, along with the works of those mighty masters of the lyre who have sung its praises. But although the name is thus familiar to every one, scarcely any attempt has been made to determine the exact nature and properties of the liquor; and little more is understood concerning it, than that the ancients valued it highly, kept it until it became very old, and produced it only when they wished to regale their dearest friends. At this distance of time, and with the imperfect data which we possess, no one need expect to demonstrate the precise qualities of that or any other wine of antiquity; though by collating the few facts already stated with some other particulars which have been handed down to us respecting the Falernian vintages, I am not without hope, that it may be possible to make some approach to a more correct estimate of their true characters, and, at the same time, to point out those modern growths to which they have the greatest resemblance.

"In the first place, all writers agree in describing the Falernian wine as very strong and durable, and rough in its recent state, that it could not be drunk with pleasure, but required to be kept a great number of years before it was sufficiently mellow. Horace even terms it a 'fiery' wine, and calls for water from the spring to moderate its strength;|| and Persius applies to it the epithet 'indomitum,' probably in allusion to its heady quality.\* From Galen's account, it appears to have been in best condition from the tenth to the twentieth year; and afterwards it was apt to contract an unpleasant bitterness; yet we may suppose, that when of a good vintage, and especially when preserved in glass bottles, it would keep much longer, without having its flavour impaired. Horace, who was a lover of old wine, proposes, in a well known Ode, to broach an amphora which was coeval with himself, and which, therefore, was probably not less than thirty-six years old; as Torquatus Manlius was consul in the six hundred and eighty-ninth year from the foundation of the city,

\* Geoponica, v. 2.

† Carm. l. xxxvii. 14. ‡ Lucan Pharsalia. x. 161.

§ Athenæus. l. 2. 25.

|| Carm. ii. 11.

\* Sat. iii.

and Corvinus, in honour of whom the wine was to be drawn, did not obtain the consulate till the year 723. As he bestows the highest commendation on this sample, ascribing to it all the virtues of the choicest vintages, and pronouncing it truly worthy to be produced on so happy a day, we must believe it to have been really of excellent quality. In general, however, it probably suffered more or less from the mode in which it was kept; and those whose taste was not perverted by the rage for high dried wines, preferred it in its middle state. Thus Cicero, when animadverting on the style of the orations which Thucydides has introduced in his History, and which, he conceives, would have been more polished if they had been composed at a later period, takes occasion to illustrate the subject of his discourse by a reference to the effects of age upon wine. 'Those orations (he remarks) I have always been disposed to admire: but I neither would imitate them, if I could, nor could I, if I would; being, in this respect, like one who delights in Falernian wine, but chooses neither that which is so new as to date from the last consuls, nor that which is so old as to take the name of Annician, or Opimian. Yet the wines so entitled are, I believe, in the highest repute; but excessive age neither has the suavity which we require, nor is it even bearable.' The same writer, supping one evening with Damasippus, had some indifferent wine presented to him, which he was pressed to drink, 'as being Falernian forty years old.' On tasting it, he pleasantly observed, 'that it bore its age uncommonly well.'

"Among our present wines, I have no hesitation in fixing upon those of Xeres and Madeira as the two to which the Falernian offers the most distinct features of resemblance. Both are straw coloured wines, assuming a deeper tint from age, or from particular circumstances in the quality or management of the vintage. Both of them present the several varieties of dry, sweet, and light. Both of them are exceedingly strong and durable wines; being, when new, very rough, harsh and fiery, and requiring to be kept about the same length of time as the Falernian, before they attain a due degree of mellowness. Of the two, however, the more palpable dryness and bitter sweet flavour of the Sherry might incline us to decide, that it approached most nearly to the wine under consideration: and it is worthy of remark, that the same difference in the produce of the fermentation is observable in the Xeres vintages, as that which Galen has noticed with respect to the Falernian; it being impossible always to predict, with certainty, whether the result will be a dry wine, or a sweetish wine, resembling Paxarite. But on the other hand, the soil of Madeira is more analogous to that of the Champagne Felice, and thence we may conclude, that the flavour and aroma of its wines are similar. Sicily, which is also a volcanic country, supplies several growths, which an inexperienced judge would very readily mistake for those of the former island, and which would in all probability come still nearer to them in quality, if more pains were bestowed on the manufacture. Another point of coincidence is deserving of notice. Both Xeres and Madeira wines are, as is well known, infinitely improved by being transported to a warm climate; and, latterly, it has become a common practice, among the dealers in the island, to force the Madeira

wines by a process which is absolutely identical with the operation of the *furnarium*. It may perhaps be objected, that the influence of heat and age upon these liquors, far from producing any disagreeable bitterness, only renders them sweeter and milder, however long they may be kept; but, then, in contrasting them with the superannuated wines of the Romans, we must make allowance for the previous preparations, and the effect of the different sorts of vessels in which they are preserved. If Madeira or Sherry, but particularly the latter, were kept in earthen jars until it was reduced to the consistence of honey, there can be little doubt, I conceive, that the taste would become so intensely bitter, that, to use the expression of Cicero, we should condemn it as intolerable."

Besides the wines of the Campania Felix, those of the other parts of the Roman territory noticed by Dr. Henderson, are the Sabinum, the Nonuntanum, which resembled Claret, Venafranum, the wine of Spoletum, distinguished by its bright golden colour, the wines of Mamertinum in Sicily, the Pollium of Syracuse, the growths of Casena, Liguria, and the territory of Verona, the Gallic wines of Dauphny, Marseilles, and Narbonne, with those obtained from the violet scented grape of Vienne, and the rich muscat of Languedoc. Some curious facts are stated with respect to the "consumption of wine at Rome," the dilution of ancient wines, and the method of icing the juice of the grape employed by the epicures of the eternal city. But the most amusing chapter, in this portion of the work, refers to "the use of wine at the Banquets of the Greeks and Romans;" and to those readers who are not already intimately acquainted with the extent to which the ancients carried the pleasures of the table, the information it contains of their self indulgence and ostentation, devoid of hospitality, is not likely to enhance the veneration with which they have been accustomed to regard these wonderful and celebrated people.

Upon the whole, the manner in which Dr. Henderson has handled this portion of his History, ranks him high as an elegant scholar, and displays a diligence, in searching for every description of information that can illustrate his subject, which is, unfortunately, too seldom characteristic of the labours of modern writers. We shall conclude our notice of the History of Ancient Wines, by quoting his remarks on "the analogy of modern customs."

"The arrangement of our dinners, the succession and composition of the different courses, the manner of filling our glasses, of pledging our friends, and of drinking particular healths, are all evidently copied from the Greeks and the Romans."

The French, according to our author, however, still more resemble the ancient Greeks, in their convivial displays:

"Thus, at all entertainments among the French, the ordinary wine is used with a large admixture of water, generally in the proportion of one to three, except immediately after soup, when it is drunk pure. The finer kinds are circulated in the intervals between the courses, or towards the end of the repast, and hence are termed *vins d'entremets*; but with particular dishes certain wines are served, as Chablis with oysters, and Sillery after roast meat. The *coup d'avant* of Wermuth has been already noticed as corresponding with the draught of *mulsion*; and the *coup de milieu*,

which consists of some liqueur, 'quod fluentem nauseam coarceat,' may be regarded as identical with the cup of sweet wine handed round in the middle of a Grecian feast. With the desert the luscious sweet wine, are always introduced."

[As this subject is both generally interesting and connected with many curious facts, we purpose devoting a second paper to its modern part.]

*The Silent River, Faithful and Forsaken, Dramatic Poems.* By Robert Sullivan. 12mo. London 1824. G. & W. B. Whittaker.

This is the production of a youthful poet, and just what a youthful work should be. It has faults—is often incorrect—nay, sometimes careless,—but a redeeming spirit of beauty and freshness runs through the whole. We are sorry ever to see a very young writer too perfect in all the minor respects, all the details of polish and harmony, however essential they may be—those wings were never meant for a long wild flight, which begin at the very onset to measure distances, and to dread being ruffled. The Silent River is a dramatic sketch, whose hero is the natural son of a nobleman neglected from his birth. He adds to his misery by an imprudent marriage; and in despair at the poverty to which himself and young wife are reduced, robs a traveller, and in the fear of discovery drowns himself. The traveller was his father, who comes to seek him; and his wife, driven to madness, follows his suicidal example. We quote his (Luke's) soliloquy when he has first seen his wife after the robbery—

— She did not suspect:  
She thought I was too honest. My wild brain,  
How stands my present fortune, with the past?  
Till now I sick'n'd at the sight of home,  
Because of the fresh tales of poverty [gone—  
That must be told. Well—that is past and  
And do I now return more happily  
With that which must be secret? Was it harder  
To bear confiding wretchedness than guilt  
In horrid solitude. O, Mary, dear,  
No more shall we two, heart to heart, lie down,  
And, with our mingling fondness, steal away  
Each other's thoughts! What though so steep'd  
in pain,

Was it not joy to share them? Never more  
With their past freedom shall my words pour out  
Their tide of tenderness. O, never more,  
Lest I betray to what that love did lead me,  
And feel thee wither in my breast with horror.  
Thy tender confidence, thy modest pride  
In thy poor hunter of the desert moor  
So much belied! The smiling, soft, content  
With which thou hast partaken of the morsel,  
More sweet because provided by my hands,  
For ever dash'd. Thy innocent young prayers  
That those to whom thy fate might make thee  
mother

Should be their father's image—all recall'd.  
This is not all—there still hath been a hope,  
Some possibility of brighter days,  
But now 'tis past—the work of this dread night  
Hath placed eternity 'twixt me and joy;  
And every beam that might have lit me onward  
Must blast me with a view more hideous  
Of the black barrier. And is there, then,  
No more behind? No close attending phantom  
Of a rude rabble and detected felon?  
No widow'd maniac hooped through the streets  
With sobs and shrieks, or horrid merriment  
That weaves the melody in which it dies?

We shall close our extracts by a very sweet passage from "Faithful and Forsaken," in which the heroine, Annabelle, is told of her lover's falsehood—

*Marguerite.* — It is not just [despise,  
To learn thee mourn for what thou shouldst  
Thou dost remember the chateau hard by,



Whose airy pillars from their spiry knoll,  
Cleaved, as we fancied, the red streaky sun-set  
Into square furnaces of flame? We sat  
Amidst the amphitheatre of vineyards,  
Which, twining in their playful luxury,  
Leap'd up to screen the low plebeian world  
From its white walls and ruby-studded windows.  
O, what soft words then mingled with thy soul,  
Like breath of roses, with the breeze about us!  
What joy and fondness danced in his dark eye,  
As if they had been conjur'd into life  
By the sweet music of responsive hearts!  
I gazed apart upon the happiest pair  
That ever sigh'd the twilight hour away.

Annabelle.

Talk on—the memory of departed bliss  
Is the most dear of sorrows.

Marguerite. I employed  
My solitude in watching your lips move,  
And giving meaning to each gentle gesture.  
I thought you playfully described some fair  
And wealthier maid to his reluctant ear;  
Made her the mistress of that sweet chateau  
And vineyard wilderness, then crown'd her worth  
With love for him, almost as true as thine.

Annabelle.

I then could jest with him.

Marguerite. He look'd reproachfully,  
Press'd your soft cheek to his, and fondly pointing  
Towards the little star which shone so sweetly  
Directly o'er your honeysuckled cottage,  
Seem'd as he swore his happiness and fate  
Were ruled by that and thee.

Annabelle.

My tears prove how I listen.

Marguerite. I have done.  
There is a mistress of that tempting home,  
And the fair star that governs thy Eustache.  
Hath pass'd into another sphere.

We have, we think, quoted enough to show  
our young writer deserves encouragement.  
His laurel only requires pruning, to add sym-  
metry and grace to its natural luxuriance.

*Some Account of the Life of the late Gilbert  
Earl, Esq. Written by Himself. London  
1824. C. Knight.*

NEVER was anything so completely changed as the spirit of fictitious writing, from what it was a few years ago to what it is now. Events probable or improbable, romantic or rational, have been so often recorded, that place the hero or heroine in whatever situation ingenuity could devise, still reader and writer were often tempted to exclaim, "There is nothing new under the sun." The first attempts at fiction will always be the narration of events; but in proportion as composition proceeds and literature maintains and adds to its empire, events come to be often repeated and exhausted, while the mind still continues desirous of novelties. The spirit of investigation marks a highly refined age, and the detail of actions is soon insufficient without also the detail of what led to those actions. The anatomy of the human heart then becomes the most popular of studies; passions are analyzed, and portrayed in all their depth, agony, or happiness; and feelings are traced to their fountain head. None but an entirely civilized nation would seek to trace the course and birth-place of the Nile; and the mind, like Egypt, has its Nile. It is to this principle that the origin of much of the present style of writing may be ascribed. The most brilliant articles of Periodicals, (and periodicals contain some of the finest specimens of the talent of the times,) and many of our most popular Novels, are not so striking from their invented chain of circumstance, as from their open anatomy and vivid portraiture of such and such feelings at such and such epochs. Hence it is that so many of the present

day's novels add but a string of episodes,—episodes indeed of beauty and power, but still episodes. The stimulus of novelty is wanted, and is found in the anatomy of the wild and fierce workings of passion. The work now before us is one of this school,—a narrative not of strange and striking facts, but of intense and deep emotions. It may be divided into two distinct parts: The first is the history of the pseudo writer's attachment to a lovely creature, united to a man unpossessed of her love and unworthy her esteem. It is written in that deep tone of remorse and remembrance with which a man, after many years, would look back on the guilty and beautiful one his love had led to the grave. The next part describes his return to his native land, after an absence of twenty years in India, equally broken in health and spirits; as sad as it is true and touching. The first meeting is perhaps as exquisitely pathetic as any thing within the range of similar composition. His isolation when he revisits the home of his boyhood, and finds himself a stranger, unable to say which are the most painful, the things which have changed, or those which have not—when the grave or stone, or the imbecility of old age, are all that remain of what he once loved or honoured, are all described with a melancholy power. We shall now quote a very sweetly written episode, both as a good sample of the author's style, and also as being of a length suited to our columns:

"Yesterday, as we were coming home from shooting, it was a very hot day, and we went to a farm-house to make interest for a draught of home-brewed. Dallas proposed it, saying, as he pointed to a substantial cottage at a little distance, that he could not only promise me a mug of admirable ale,—but that he would shew me the prettiest country lass within ten miles. He had discovered them himself, he said, only a few days before, on a similar occasion,—and he had brought me this way, half on purpose, that he might prosecute his acquaintance with both.

"It was between four and five o'clock, and the day had been extremely hot. The sun, however, was now declining,—and as our path lay along the eastern skirt of a wood, the cool deep shade of the trees gave a refreshing and very grateful contrast to the glowing and baked appearance of the open field beyond. We walked gently along, enjoying the change—for we had been out many hours. We thus approached the cottage slowly, and were partially concealed in our advance by the trees—the house standing at the extremity of the wood. As we drew nigh, I perceived a girl sitting, with her work, on the bench which is usually placed by the side of cottage doors. She was singing;—Dallas put his hand upon my arm to stop me, and said in a low voice 'There she is!'

"I had thus means to survey her leisurely—and I confess I was surprised. I had expected to see a blowsy country-girl, with very red cheeks, and still redder arms—whose beauty consisted in youth and freshness, and buxom make, and perhaps a bright pair of eyes. But this was a very different creature. Her form was certainly round and full,—and her cheek shone with a healthful bloom,—but she had none of the coarseness which is the usual concomitant of rustic beauty. I cannot quite say that the hand which plied the needle was the whitest I have seen—(the long sleeve prevented my judging of the arm,) but the glimpse of the neck which the crossed handkerchief permitted, betrayed a texture

and a colour of skin which many a fine lady might envy as she puts on her pearl necklace. [Par parenthese, nothing is so trying and true a criterion of the complexion as how it shews with pearls; and I strongly recommend no lady to wear them without the fullest certainty that they assimilate, instead of contrasting, with the skin on which they rest.] The pretty cottager seemed to possess this most delicate ingredient of female loveliness; and the fine relief which it furnished to the beautiful hair which was clustered (somewhat *artistement*, I thought) from beneath her cap, added greatly to that absence of all coarseness of appearance, of which I have spoken. Her voice, too, was not what we should expect in one of her degree;—that is, her *singing* voice,—for the sweetness of the natural organ knows no limit of birth or station, while its application to music is affected (independently of direct tuition) by a familiarity with modulated sounds scarcely attainable in humble, or at least in rustic, life. But maugre this my theory, they were certainly very sweet notes, sung in a very simple yet expressive manner, which I heard yesterday, as we stood gazing on that charming picture—a beautiful woman,—made more charming, too, by her unconsciousness of our gaze. I recollect Gilbert used to say—and I always perfectly agreed with him—that painters ought to contrive means to make their studies for portraits when the objects were ignorant that they were so doing. When people sit regularly for their picture, there is always a made-up look—half primness, half pertness, all want of nature;—a heavy dull fixedness, or a theatrical assumption of energy or thought, equally far from the real and unstrained expression of the features. Now, if I were an artist, whenever I painted a woman, whose beauty was such that I might have done so from my own choice as well as from her vanity,—I would steal upon her at some moment like this—when, unconscious of being observed, her countenance was in its natural, and therefore its most beautiful, state; when, with the head bent down over her work or her book, I might draw the fine sweep of the neck, without the alloy of any efforts at grace,—or, if I preferred the upraised look of solitary thought, that I might catch the expression of the eye, without any false language being thrown into it.

"All this is a little high-flown, perhaps, to be excited by a farmer's daughter sitting at her cottage door, but certainly she did excite it;—for I thought what a pretty picture she would make—and that again brought up my ideas concerning pictures in general. At last, we began to fear we should be observed thus skulking behind the trees, so we advanced towards the vision which had been the object of our contemplation. She recognised Dallas—(Hang the fellow, I grudged him his prior acquaintance,)—and welcomed us both with a very pleasing and graceful modesty of manner. Real modesty it in truth seemed to be;—for, though certainly conscious of her beauty, and of its natural attraction to the eyes of two young men—to say nothing of D.'s dropping a gentle hint touching the early repetition of his accidental visit;—in despite, I say, of the gratified consciousness unavoidable in a girl's mind, from these causes,—her whole demeanour was marked by a quiet purity equally far from prudishness and affectation. We staid some time;—indeed, my companion seemed in no hurry to terminate his visit—so that I had



fall leisure to contemplate her. She is certainly exceedingly pretty—more than pretty. Her clear skin, mantling on the cheek with the young blood of health, and on the brow and neck transparently white—her brilliant hair—and her general contour of feature,—I had seen as she sat at the door. But now I observed the gracefulness of her form—her springy and elastic gait—and, still more, the beauty of her large eyes as they brightened into a smile, or sank bashfully down as she listened to what Dallas said to her. As I looked at them both, I thought to myself that it probably would be better for all parties if their fathers' houses were in rather less near neighbourhood. - - -

"I dined yesterday with Dallas at his villa near Richmond. I had not before seen him since my return from abroad. I arrived about an hour before dinner. D. received me most cordially,—when, indeed, did he ever otherwise? He took me round the gardens, which are exceedingly beautifully situated, and kept in the highest order. They stretch down to the river, with smooth-shaven turf, and parterres of the most rare and rich flowers. I made some observation on the peculiar beauty of these last. 'Yes,' he said, 'an old acquaintance of yours, whom you will see by-and-bye, takes great pleasure and interest in flowers, and is fond of collecting them.'—As I looked round on the scarcest and most expensive exotics which met the eye on every side, I thought of the little cabbage-garden, with a couple of rose bushes for its decoration;—but I said nothing.

"When we entered the house (which D. has bought since his father's death) I could not help being struck with the admirable taste which reigned through every part of it. I have always thought these villas to smack more of *luxury* than any other description of dwelling. In themselves evidently superfluities—for those who can afford to have them at all, are nearly always lords of country halls and town mansions—they are commonly fitted up with a mixture of elegance and voluptuous richness which we seldom find so exquisitely blended elsewhere. Their size prevents the ideas of grandeur or formal staidness—and adds, perhaps, to the luxurious (I must repeat the word) feeling of indulgence and ease. The circumstance, also, of its being nearly always, (it ought to be *quite* always)—summer when we go to them—is another enhancement of their beauties,—to say nothing of its being hot, black, smoky, *brick-built*, London from which we come to their bright fresh stream, and breathing verdure. Dallas's may be considered an epitome of the species. The clear sparkling water gives life,—the high thick trees give shade,—and the clustering flowers, a varied but undistinguishable condensation of every sweet scent,—to this exquisite spot. The rooms are fitted up with all the usual luxury, and far more than the usual taste, of a *petite maison*. Every thing is appropriate to the style and size of the place—nothing is gaudy, nothing is too grand. Costly, to be sure, most things must have been; but costliness is the last idea which occurs to you;—all seems calculated to woo the senses, and to win them without wooing long.

"Three more friends of D.'s arrived one by one; and at last Susan came in. *She is a very different person from when I saw her last.\** She was then a beautiful girl—she is now an

\* We have put this passage in italics to mark its carelessness, poverty, and even want of grammar.—Ed.

exceedingly fine woman. She is, or seems to be, a little taller; her form is more fully developed, and her carriage freer and more under self-command. But, indeed, if I had met her any where else, I might have been introduced to her as to Lady This, or Mrs. T'other,—and never dreamed of the pretty, modest, country girl whom I admired three years ago. Not that I at all mean to say that there is the least immodesty in her manner or air—not the slightest;—but she is totally uncourtified—she has nothing left of that touch of the romantic in her appearance which she had when I last saw her. One might have chosen her then for the heroine of a romance, or of a pretty, soft, gentle, tale, such as, — would write, and ladies and lady-like gentlemen admire. But now she is very different. Dallas has spent a great deal of money, and taken infinite pains, for her education and improvement. Her manners are unconstrained and good; and her whole appearance in no way distinguishable from that of nine women out of ten whom you meet at a rout, except perhaps by a very suspicious superiority of beauty to almost every one of them.

"She sat at the head of the table at dinner; and did the honours as if she had never been accustomed to an humble board, or simpler fare. I drank champagne with her—and thought of the bright frothing ale I had last pledged her in!—She was addressed as Mrs. Williams—an appellation concocted, I believe, from D.'s christian name;—and the guests, with the good taste and good feeling which I have more than once seen exercised on such occasions, paid her perhaps more delicate and respectful attention than if she had been possessed of all the immunities and honours of the place she occupied. Her own manners were, I have said, remarkably good—equally free from stiff and sensitive reserve on the one hand, and any thing approaching to levity on the other. Still there is always *something*—a certain conscious glance of the eye, if no more,—from which I have never seen any one placed in her unhappy situation totally free. I thought in particular that she did not feel quite easy when Dallas talked to me about going down to Kipplesstone, in the autumn, to shoot.

"In the evening she sang, pleasingly enough, but to my mind not half so much so as when I heard her upon the bench at her cottage door. She accompanied herself by striking a few notes upon a splendid guitar, which was hung round her neck by a sky-blue scarf,—but it had not, in my eyes, half the effect of the work and the needle which had occupied her hands then. She looked very beautiful, certainly—for few things are more becoming to a woman than this—and if I had never seen her before I should have been much struck with her;—but there was something which appeared to me unreal and exotic in the whole business, as compared with the simple and natural peasant whom I remembered."

One night, coming from the theatre, he recognises her:

"Never, no never, in my life, did I experience a more violent and sickening shock. Gracious heaven! and *this* was the creature whom I remembered in her young purity and loveliness—whom I had so often seen surrounded with all that luxury and wealth could furnish for her pleasure,—at whose table, as I may call it, I had so often sat in the midst of troops of admiring and flattering friends,—whom I had left, not four years since, the

adored, almost the idolized, object of affection to a man who was one of the most feeling, generous, and noble of created beings!

"I had striven, since my last return from abroad, to obtain some tidings of poor, poor Susan; but in vain. Dallas's death was so sudden that the left no will—so she sank at once from splendid wealth to absolute destitution;—for his friends (no—his *relations*) would do nothing for one on whom they had always looked with dislike and fear. Would, oh would to God! that I had been here. She who had been dear to Dallas should not have been treated thus.

"All this passed across my mind in one instant,—as the poor wretch raised her face to the light, as she spoke. Heavens! what a face it was!—her eyes were bleared and red at the edges, and the balls were glazed with recent drunkenness. She had, it is true, recovered her senses; but her eye still reeled, and her breath still reeked, with the effects of that poisonous debauchery. If there be, in the human shape, one object more revolting, degrading, and humiliating than another, it is that of a *drunken woman*!—and it was now presented to my eyes in the person of one whom I had known in all the delicacy of female youth—who had been the first and only love of my first and best friend. Her cheek was fallen and hollowed,—and an unwholesome, sodden, paleness, which overspread the lower part of it, was made almost hideous by the contrast of a large blotch of coarse red paint which was plastered upon each cheekbone. Of her figure I could see nothing, for she was wrapped to the throat in a large shawl which fell over nearly her whole person, in folds in which grease, dirt, and dripping wet seemed to struggle for supremacy. I never beheld a more pitiable being!

"She was so much agitated by the sudden revulsion, both physical and mental, which she had undergone, that for some time I thought she would have fallen upon the pavement where we stood. She spoke with an agony almost amounting to incoherence, of what she had gone through—of her present condition. She told me that she was reduced to the lowest pitch of distress,—that, (and I fully believe it to be true) she had not for the last six and thirty hours tasted any thing *but gin*! Good God! and this is the state to which we reduce those who lavish upon us their whole affection, who place in us their whole trust!

"It was some time before I could at all compose her; and then she wanted me to leave her to her fate—"to die," as she said, sinking upon a door-stone—"to die here!" At last, after considerable delay and difficulty, I procured a coach, and had her conveyed to my house. I instantly sent for medical aid, and had a bed prepared for her. Mr. S. said that she had undergone so much, and was in so debilitated a condition of frame, that he could not yet say what hopes he could hold out of her ultimate recovery. This morning, I have had her removed to a lodging close to Mr. S.'s—who is really kind and active, as well as skilful. Poor, poor, creature!

"It is not ten years since I saw this woman, beautiful, innocent, and happy—and, if it had not been for an almost incalculable chance, she would last night have perished in the streets!"

February 20.—"S. has just been with me to inform me of poor Susan's death."

If truth of feeling and deep though simple

pathos, united with very elegant language and sweetness of observation; can render a book popular, this volume will be so in a great degree.

Some portions of it have appeared in a very pleasing quarterly publication called the *Album*; and the whole is of the Man of Feeling, and, more recently, the Adam Blair school; nor is it inferior to any of its class. There is but one offence which we have taken; it is to the introduction of French phrases in the highest wrought passages. The author may be assured that true feelings and passions always speak in their native tongue. His name is, we hear, (and we mention it to his honour,) St. Leger.

#### CAPTAIN COCHRANE'S SIBERIA, &c.

##### Conclusion.

Capt. Cochrane having seen Baron Wrangel's Expedition depart, set out himself from the Kolyma, on the 4th of March, with a sort of mercantile caravan. In four days they had passed 150 miles, and reached the Ostrovnova Fortress, where a fair was to be held, but it seems that it was *a priori* necessary to make the natives in that quarter Christians. The author says,

"Having settled ourselves in a small Yukagir yourie, Mr. Matiusshkin and I received a visit from one of the Tchuktchi, a most empty countenanced and wild looking savage. He entered the room where we were, tumbled himself down upon a stool, smoked his pipe, and then quitted the room, without once looking at, or taking the least notice either of us, or any thing about us. The commissary having made his appearance, it was determined to commence the fair, by first installing two of the chiefs with medals and swords, baptizing them, and receiving a nominal tribute. The morning was ushered in by the arrival of these persons in state, dressed in their gayest apparel, and seated in a beautiful narte, drawn by two rein-deer, the whole forming a cavalcade of twenty-five or thirty pairs. Having reached a large store-house, to which the altar and images were carried, the priest proceeded to baptize the two men, their wives, and three children; but instead of being merely sprinkled with water, they, men and women, were obliged one and all to strip, and to be three times plunged in a large iron cauldron of ice-water, with the thermometer on the spot at 35° of Reaumur, with no part of the dress on except their trowsers; and were afterwards directed to bathe their feet in the same cold water. I could not help pitying the women and children, the former of whom having long hair, became, as it were, enveloped in icicles. A small cross suspended round the neck completed the ceremony. A quantity of tobacco was then given as a present to each of the new converts, by way of inducing others to follow the example. Instances having, however, occurred of late of Tchuktchi being twice baptized, and even of presenting themselves a third time, for the privilege of the presents, the good people of Irkutsk begin to be tired of sending either their missionaries or tobacco to such a people.

"The ceremony finished, the same cavalcade, joined by the other chiefs, or Tolons of the Tchuktchi, proceeded to the abode of the commissary, whither Mr. Matiusshkin and I followed. The commissary then made the usual declaration, that the fair could not begin until he had received a tribute from the

Emperor Alexander, on which the principal traders advanced and laid each a red fox skin at the feet of the commissary. The names of the donors, and the value of the skins were then regularly entered in the official records, and the commissary proceeded to invest two of the chiefs with a medal and small sabre, reading to them publicly a letter, which he is supposed to receive from the chief of Yakutsk, declaring it to be the Emperor's order so to invest the chief, or Tolon; the clergyman then advanced to give his benediction to them, and the poor ignorants became quite happy, quite proud, and ultimately quite drunk.

"The next topic started was that of my desire to accompany the Tchuktchi through their country, and this seemed to require more generalship than all the others."

The fair here affords a curious picture of Russo-Siberian traffic; and the author's description of it introduces tribes totally unknown to us; for, not to mention the Tchuktchi, or principal adjacent people, (probably of American origin,) there were Chuanse or Chodynse, an Asiatic race, and Kargoules, from the American Continent!

"There were this year at the fair, which is termed a good one, two hundred and fifty nartes, and five hundred rein-deer, with sixty-eight men, sixty women, and fifty-six children. Each rein-deer can draw three and four pounds, or one hundred and fifty pounds weight. Those which come to the fair return only to the river Tchaon, where they are exchanged for those which belong to, and which had come from the Bay of St. Lawrence. Seventy-five and ninety days are required for them to perform the journey, which is about eight hundred versts, or five hundred miles.

"There were three chiefs at the fair; first, Yebrashka, who commands the tribes inhabiting the banks of the Tchaon, Packla, and Kvata rivers, as well as the country towards Shelatskoi Noss. Second, Valetka, chief of the Belo Morsky Tchuktchi, which tribe inhabit the eastern sea coast, from Cape North to the Bay of Klasheni. Third, Kacharga, who commands the Tchuksskoi Noss, or East Cape tribe, who inhabit the Noss, and the country from thence to the Bay of St. Lawrence. The first are wanderers, and live by their rein-deer, which are employed for burthen between the river Tchaon and the fair, and in the trade of sea-horse teeth. The second subsist almost entirely by fishing and hunting, added to a small tribute, or toll of tobacco, which is paid by their southern neighbours for a free passage along their coast; they have no rein-deer. The third tribe subsist by traffic, and the breeding of rein-deer, of which they have considerable herds, and are employed from the Bay of St. Lawrence to the banks of the Tchaon. There is also a fourth chief, who commands the Tchuktchi of Anadyr Noss, a tribe who inhabit the country and banks of the Anadyr, and also subsist by traffic and the breeding of rein-deer. These chiefs live equally distant from each other, about one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles, and carry on a sort of intercourse by means of the eastern coast Tchuktchi, who are provided with baidares.

"The Tchuksskoi Noss race are the most numerous; those of the eastern coast the most warlike and hardy; the Tchaon, or Shelatskoi are the most friendly, and those on the Anadyr Noss are the richest. The whole

are nominally independent, but actually tributary; for the Yasack, though small, is enforced and conscientiously paid. Their existence as an independent tribe hangs on the will of Russia, for that independence will at any time be sacrificed to retain their trade. Their whole number cannot exceed four or five thousand. The Kargoules are represented by them as far more numerous, but the Tchuktchi cannot count past a hundred, or ten tens, that is, their fingers ten times over. Each tribe has a different dialect of the same language, and all understand one another, though the dialects are extremely difficult to articulate; so much so, that the interpreters, after the three days of the fair, are generally laid up with a sore throat."

The jealousy and avarice of the Tchuktchi prevented Capt. Cochrane from prosecuting his journey, and he was obliged to return to Kolyma, whence he came. He next determined to try the route by Okotsk. He accordingly "departed on the 27th of March in a narte royal, that is, one drawn by thirteen dogs, who took me eighty miles in one day; a prodigious day's journey, as it is considered in this part of the world, for the same dogs to perform."

This was altogether, however, a most miserable journey, and effected nothing. On reaching Okotsk through dreadful difficulties, the captain shaved, and resolved to return to Europe; but he was detained for a very important period at St. Peter's and St. Paul's by circumstances, and having fallen in love—and that love happily meeting with a return—his union with a fair inhabitant of the place was the result. But even on marrying, our eccentric countryman seems to have indulged in a taste for his favourite passion;—while the preparations were making for his nuptials, he travelled all over the peninsula of Kamchatka! On his return he led his bride to the altar. From among the miscellanies which follow, we select only one extract, as bearing upon a subject which is at present interesting.

At St. Peter's and St. Paul's was a brig from the Sandwich Islands, with "a cargo of flour from Macao, the other a cargo of salt as a present to the Emperor, from the sable majesty of those islands, and in return received as a present, such things as seemed most desirable; among others, some animals, with a view of propagating the breed; though it may be doubted whether the propagation of bears will be beneficial or acceptable. The Sandwich brig was a fine American vessel, officered by three Englishmen, and entirely manned by natives. The conduct of the Executive here towards the Sandwichers was flattering; and it is not a little singular that the first voyage undertaken by them should be to Kamchatka."

We must now take our leave of this entertaining volume; the latter moiety of which is only not so amusing as the first half, in consequence of the Itinerary's being more hurried. Captain C. saw enough to have made ten volumes; but he has (how few travellers or authors are like him!) compressed the whole into one octavo. He sometimes nods himself, it is true, but has not the less right to notice a very whimsical blunder in Dr. Clarke, "who (he tells us) was eternally crossing the river Protok, apparently ignorant that the Protok means neither more nor less than the branch of a river."

The long analysis and copious extracts into which Captain Cochrane's own publication

has seduced us, will best show how highly we appreciate it: it is indeed full of curious information, and extremely pleasant reading.

## SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*The Reveries of a Recluse; or, Sketches of Characters, Parties, Events, Writings, &c.* Post 8vo. pp. 332. Edinburgh, 1824, Oliver & Boyd. London, Whittakers.

A RECLUSE, signifying a person retired or shut up from the busy world, seems to be an odd assumption of title for a writer, every one of whose essays are upon topics of the day; but we suppose there was no withstanding the charms of the alliteration. The name however is no great matter, when, as in the present instance, the author treats his subjects in a sound and sensible manner. But having granted so much, we fear that we cannot hold out to him much hope of popularity for his volume. Candour and impartiality are good ingredients, but he is too smooth. The following is the language of his Preface:—

"We at least anxiously avoid all unqualified censure; we give no partial views—no *ex parte* statements—we exhibit the lights and shades of the picture—the obverse and reverse of the medal; or, if we have a leaning, it is, we trust, to the side of candour and charity. If, at times, we have a distrust of our own judgment on any subject, we merely give a *pour et contre* view of it, by stating the leading arguments on both sides of the question. If we reprobate writings of an immoral or irreligious tendency, our censure is, in fact, but the echo of the public voice; and nothing is more pleasing to us than to have it in our power to qualify the rebuke by the notice of some redeeming merit, or favourable trait of character, in the writer."

This is wondrous washy; and, though prettily preceptive, we will venture to say that no man who ever adhered to such dicta could please the public—not even should he add another qualifying sentiment, as *modest* as our Recluse's: "We beg to assure our readers that, far from having the presumption to suppose that our opinions are invariably correct, we are quite sure that we are just as liable to errors of opinion and judgment as other men." Or treat his readers with such a truism as "We have only to add, that, our work being before the public, it is equally open to that fair portion of praise or censure to which its merits may entitle it. We neither court the one nor deprecate the other—it would indeed be folly to do so; a book will find its proper level in the public estimation, in spite either of the partiality or the enmity of individual criticism. From the candid and enlightened class of readers we are sure, at least, of a fair and unprejudiced verdict, and that is all we desire."

The grand trouble (and *fas* also, as our Edinburgh Hermit might guess) is to get the candid and enlightened class to become readers;—without the jury there can be no verdict, and individual criticism, whether favourable or unfavourable, is like the pleadings of counsel (or rather, in such superlative works as our *Gazette*,\* like the summings up

\* As an example of the writer's opinions and style, we will here quote his data for a critical journal:—

"A critical journal, to be truly respectable, should be unprejudiced and impartial. Its writers should have neither favourites to please nor enemies to put down. The great man who patronises and entertains them, and the poor man who has neither patronage nor entertainment to bestow, should have their productions weighed and judged of in the same critical balance. To suffer either party or personal feelings to influence their dicta would be a flagrant offence, equally against fairness and the dignity of literature."

of Judges!) very needful and useful in their way, however depreciated by appellant authors.

Having in these brief remarks said all that truth warrants respecting the Reveries of a Recluse, namely, that it is more obvious for plain good sense than for piquancy or originality of thought, we do not deem it requisite to demonstrate the correctness of our opinions by extracts.

A *Practical German Grammar, or a new and easy method of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the German Language.*\*—It is seldom that we notice works of the above description, but the very superior merit of the present book induces us to pay it particular attention. In the preface, Mr. Rowbotham observes that it has been his particular object to initiate the student into the intricacies of the German language, by slow, and as it were imperceptible degrees. Every rule, however simple, is followed by immediate illustrations, so that theory and practice are closely bound together. The fault of the majority of the Grammars, consists in the confusion of their analyses; but in this, the necessary distinctions between the various parts of speech are carefully and judiciously marked, so that the intricate labyrinth of the German language may be threaded, (to use an appropriate metaphor) by any aspiring Thesaurus. The rules of syntax are concise and apposite, and the examples are efficient and comprehensive. In short, Mr. Rowbotham's Grammar is a work which will give the student a quicker and keener insight into the German language than any preceding ones, and as such we sincerely recommend it to the attention of our readers.

*The Chimney's Sweeper's Friend and Climbing Boy's Album*,† is rather a ludicrous title for a humane collection of pieces, by Mr. Montgomery, in favour of the poor little Sweeps, and insisting on the use of machinery instead of children for cleansing chimneys. An *Album* in the hands of one of these sooty readers would soon need to change its name; but the benevolence of the worthy author and editor is not the less praiseworthy on that account, and we recommend his book to all who feel an interest in the merciful cause he has espoused. Contributions from several of the most esteemed writers of the day enrich this volume, and it is dedicated to the fountain of British mercy, The King.

*The present State of Albany*,‡ is another benevolent effort (and by a beautiful poet too) to excite public feeling on behalf of the unfortunate emigrants and settlers at the Cape (ill called for them) of Good Hope. Besides detailing their miseries, it contains some interesting accounts of South Africa; and is not only calculated to promote its more immediate purpose of charity, but also to inform and please the general reader.

*Rosalviva, or The Demon Dwarf*.§—About as utter rubbish as could be connected together by means of friars, banditti, love and murder. *Rosalviva* is written in the worst style of a now exploded style of romance.

\* By John Rowbotham, Master of the Classical, Mathematical, and Commercial Academy, Walworth, 12mo. Baldwin, 1824.

† One vol. 12mo. Longman & Co.

‡ By Thomas Pringle, 12mo. T. & G. Underwood.

§ By Grenville Fletcher, 3 vols. Noy, London.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

JOHN THE THIRD, KING OF POLAND.

HISTORY, which preserves the memorable actions of heroes, seldom enters into the details of their private lives. In proposing them for its subjects, it selects the occurrences which have rendered them illustrious; and omits those which bring them nearer to ourselves, as if it were painting ideal nature, and imagined that it would be derogatory to introduce any thing like ordinary human feelings. But such brilliant relations are not sufficient for those who would know man: The most remarkable individuals who ever lived were not always in the public eye; they sometimes were so fortunate as to escape from the admiration, the envy, and the various embarrassments of a noisy fame. In order to read the very heart of a great man, and to discover the first germs of his thoughts, we must apply, not to his historian, but to himself. If he has left any correspondence, written in the perfect confidence of friendship, and without the slightest notion that it would ever appear in public, then we believe that he has painted himself such as he really was, and that his whole soul is exposed to our view. This character of truth is to be found in a collection of letters addressed by John Sobiesky to Maria Casimire, his wife, during the memorable campaign in which he compelled the Turks to raise the siege of Vienna. This correspondence, buried for a hundred and forty years, has been discovered in the archives of the family by M. E. Racinski, and has been published at Warsaw, as an historical and literary monument well calculated to interest Poland, and as an homage to the memory of one of its greatest kings. If the period at which these letters were written, and the events which they recall, are considered, their interest increases; and so far from being limited to Poland, extends to all Europe, for Sobiesky was in that campaign the defender of the whole of Christendom; and the defeat of Cara-Mustapha, under the walls of Vienna, delivered even civilization itself from the dangers by which it was threatened. An army of two hundred thousand men surrounds Vienna, which is garrisoned by only thirteen thousand troops. The trenches have been open for two months. The assaults are frequent. The greater part of the outer works have been carried. The troops in the place maintain themselves only by unexampled efforts of constancy and courage; but the forces of the besieged dwindle, famine approaches, the ammunition is consumed, despair seizes every heart. All at once columns of flame show themselves on the heights of Kalemberg; they are the fires of Sobiesky's camp. Twenty thousand Polonese advance, with their king at their head, and join the Imperial army. The enemy are attacked and cut to pieces; and it is from the tent of the grand-vizir that Sobiesky communicates to his queen, in one of his letters, that Vienna has been saved. The Turks after this signal defeat (which took place on the 13th September 1683) retired precipitately into Hungary. The half of that vast kingdom then belonged to them, and the other provinces had been induced to revolt against the Emperor by Tekeli, whose cause the Turks had espoused. Thither, however, they were rapidly pursued by the victorious troops. Sobiesky continued the campaign; and having terminated it by the capture of Gran, one of the most important of the Hungarian fortresses, returned to Poland, as famous for these new victories as he had been



for that of Chocim before his elevation to the throne. To this campaign of five months the correspondence to which we have alluded is limited; but by one of his letters, a translation of which we subjoin, it would appear that in writing to the queen he adverted only incidentally to military matters. It contains principally the effusions of friendship, the expression of his sentiments towards her and Poland, and the wish to receive frequent intelligence of what he loves so dearly. Other parts of the correspondence are no doubt more important in themselves; but the real and simple character of a great man in the ordinary commerce of life, is much better estimated by a letter in which he merely describes his personal feelings, than by one in which he exhibits himself in his public capacity, or in which the relation of a great event imparts more dignity to his expressions.

\* Camp of Torno, three miles from Korzie, 27th November, 1683.

"Life of my soul! Joy of my heart! Most dear and amiable Maria! If Poland were an island, I should certainly believe that it was that of which historians speak, floating in the ocean, and alternately appearing and disappearing. Not only has Galezewsky sent us no news of thee, my love, but none of Poland, as if no such country existed on the face of the globe! It is five long weeks since Galezewsky quitted Cracow. Consider, my dear soul, how insupportable that must be to a man who loves thee as I do; and judge if I can long live in such suspense. What is the most painful circumstance is, that we have received letters of a late date, which say not a single word neither of thee, my heart, nor of Poland. The last was dated Lubowl, 16th November. Dupont sent it to me. It was from M. Mozynsky, who told me that he had received no letters from Cracow. In another letter, dated the 21st November, he expatiates largely on the affairs of Hungary, of which they talk here to satiety; but he does not say a word of Poland. A servant belonging to the priest Zabrydowsky arrived to-day from the town of Spisk, who has brought several letters, but not one which makes any mention of Poland. It is impossible to conceive the astonishment in which we all are, I especially, who would swear a thousand times that thou hast written to me, my heart, but that thou canst not find the means of conveying to me thy letters. Thy counsellors certainly behave very strangely. They do every thing wrong, and occupy themselves entirely with feasting and drinking in a snug room, and in prattling, with a map before them, of the war, or of the Hungarian taverns. It would nevertheless not be a matter of great difficulty to send a letter to Lubowl, whence it is not very far to Spisk. From Spisk we are not distant above eight or ten miles; and in spite of the high mountains, a horseman might bring us letters thence without any risk. It is easy to conceive that we are not very comfortable here, I especially, who have been so long without hearing from thee. What is M. Krakowsky about? I see he has not even the complaisance to inform us of his amusements and his pleasures, to recompense us for our own fatigues and annoyances. We, who are not even in tents, but who lie in the open air; for it is impossible to pierce these enormous masses of ice and snow in order to drive the stakes to which the tents are attached. It is impossible to describe the vexations to which we are constantly exposed, and which are continually renewing, for the three last days

especially, since our entrance into a country in which we are not regarded with a very favourable eye. All the towns and forts have shut their gates against us, having been garrisoned by Tekeli, who passed the Cise on the frontiers of Turkey, without our receiving any information of even his intention to do so. There are some thousands of men at Korzie. We have sent several gun-boats thither, but it is doubtful whether they will succeed. We know not what may be our quarters, unless heaven favours us. I adore thee, my love. Embrace our children for me."

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MASTER GEORGE ASPULL.

The fame of this youthful musician has already spread far and wide. His precocious and extraordinary talents have not only attracted the notice of the profession and of fashion, but been honoured by the regards of Royalty itself; and His Majesty, one of the finest judges of music in the kingdom, has been pleased to express his warm approbation of the boy's performances.

Having heard much of this phenomenon, and seeing a Concert advertised for the display of his powers on the 14th, at the King's Concert Rooms,\* we were desirous of ascertaining the nature and extent of his accomplishments, and, if so astonishing as report gave out, something of the history of their origin, growth, and promise. In attaining this object, we have indeed enjoyed a very high gratification. Young ASPULL is a surprising instance of genius; and affords one of those rare examples of mind, so early imbued with superiority in a particular branch of science, as to make philosophy pause on the disputed doctrine between acquisition and intuition.

This child, for he is no more, is now about eight years and a half old, and has cultivated his musical faculty for a little more than three years; for he had reached the age of five, before it developed itself so much as to excite attention. Since then, however, it has been sedulously improved by his father; and he has already attained that proficiency which renders him so remarkable. It is not easy to convey by description an adequate idea of his astonishing characteristics. His appearance is altogether very interesting; and his manners are playful and pleasing, like those of other fine boys of his age. When seated at the instrument, it seems as if his soul and body were part of its movements and the tones produced—there is no effort, and the whole is like one piece of curiously organized mechanism. His execution is firm, certain, and brilliant; and this is the more surprising when you watch the little hand (which resorts to so many expedients, unnecessary when it is of sufficient stretch) overcoming all the difficulties of the most difficult pieces that ever were composed to try the skill of a performer. His ear, it need hardly be said, is perfect. This is evident from his play; but was made much more strikingly so by an experiment which we had several times tried. A bar of music was sung to him, and he instantly repeated it on the piano-forte in the same key with the truth of an echo; and then, starting away, composed an extempore piece upon it, beautiful and various in itself, and never

departing from the original theme! This wonderful effort he repeated as often as was asked, and always with the same success; which clearly proved that nature had endowed him with these extraordinary qualities, beyond aught which art or instruction could give. He also sung with great sweetness; and altogether delighted the company assembled to witness his performances.

Our object in penning this brief account, is to make this admirable child more generally known to the public, and consequently to recommend him to the encouragement and patronage he so eminently deserves. What may be the result of his future progress it is impossible to predict; but surely, if not spoilt by mismanagement, and properly taken care of, we may anticipate that he will become one of the brightest ornaments the musical world ever saw. His appearance, and that of young Lixt† at Paris, may give an interest to, and have an interest reflected by the following account, taken from Grimm's Correspondence, of the first appearance of Mozart at Paris in 1763.

"True prodigies are so rare, that it is worth while to speak of one when we have had an opportunity of seeing it. A musician of Salzburg, of the name of Mozart, has arrived here with two very pretty children. The girl, who is about eleven years of age, plays the harpsichord in the most brilliant manner; she performs the greatest and most difficult pieces with the most astonishing precision. The brother, who is not yet seven years old, is so extraordinary a phenomenon, that it is almost impossible to believe what we see with our eyes and hear with our ears. It is a trifle for this child to execute, with the greatest correctness, with hands which can hardly reach a sixth: what is most astonishing, is to see him play from his fancy, for an hour together, and follow the inspiration of his genius and a crowd of beautiful ideas, which he introduces in succession with taste, and without confusion. The most accomplished leader of a band cannot be more profoundly skilled than he, in the knowledge of harmony and of modulations, which he knows how to conduct by uncommon means, but always correctly. He is so perfectly master of his instrument, that if a napkin is laid on the keys, he plays upon the napkin with the same rapidity and precision. He can not only decipher whatever is set before him, but he writes and composes with wonderful facility, without wanting to approach the instrument and to seek the chords. I wrote him a minuet with my own hand, and begged him to put a bass to it; the child took the pen, and, without the help of the harpsichord, wrote a bass to my minuet. You may suppose that he finds no difficulty in transposing and playing any air you lay before him, in whatever key you please. But the following fact, though I have seen it, appears to me incomprehensible. A lady asked him the other day if he could accompany by his ear, and without seeing it, an Italian cavatina, which she knew by heart: she began to sing—the child tried a bass which was not absolutely correct, because it is impossible to prepare beforehand the accompaniment of a song which you do not know. When the air was finished, he begged the lady to sing it again, on which he

\* This bids fair to be a great treat: it commences at eight o'clock, and the Bill embraces some of the best music we know, and in the hands of the most popular performers—Pasta, R. de Begnis, Stephens, Eaton, Garcia, Curioni, Kellner, Cramer, Grattorex, &c. &c.

† It is to be observed, that the young Hungarian, Lixt, is twelve years of age, and does not yet compose. His extraordinary performances seem rather the effect of interest and feeling than of science.

not only played the tune with his right hand, but added the bass with the other, without any confusion; after which he begged her ten times to begin again, and every time changed the style of his accompaniment: he would have repeated it twenty times if he had not been stopped. It would be no wonder if this child were to turn my head if I were to see him often."

Quite as much, or more, may be said for our native genius, young ASPULL, and we sincerely hope that he will meet with that kind and fostering protection, which will reflect honour on those who bestow it, and produce (in all probability) the noblest effects upon him.

#### GARDENING REPORT AND KALENDAR.

THE weather still continues unfavourable, and the complaint of blights is very general. Trees recently transplanted are dried up by the prevalent east winds: some syringe them night and morning, which helps to preserve a little moisture in the bark, but it is soon dried up again. In June the weather is generally more steady than in any month of the year;—there is less rain than in any other month; and though cold often at the beginning, the last three weeks are commonly genial both to man, brute animals, and plants. Bees swarm in the beginning of the month; and in the last week the singing birds begin to retire, or decline singing for the season. Then it is that the judicious gardener will bring out his cages and distribute them at different distances in the shrubbery, or pleasure-ground, round the house; for birds so kept not being allowed to dissipate their strength in breeding, continue in song later than those in a state of nature. The best mode is to have two birds of a sort in two cages, and to place them within hearing of each other: by this means they sing in responsion, with greater vigour, and for a longer period each day.

The operations in the open garden during June are chiefly cleaning and refreshing; that is, hoeing, weeding, stirring, and watering. No main crops are now sown; but pease and beans may be put in the ground every two weeks or ten days, and the green and blue prussians and the imperials are good sorts. Kidney-beans will still be in time; and pickling cucumbers and gourds may be sown in the open garden, or on hillocks of hot dung covered by a bell or hand glass. New planted wall trees to be trained in the horizontal manner, may have their leading shoots stopped about the middle, or, in this cold season, towards the end of the month. Those who do not understand this excellent mode, may consult Harrison's valuable Treatise on Fruit-trees; or if they have London's Encyclopædia, they will find this part of Harrison's book there, and also the same subject as treated by Forsyth, who seems to have been the first to adopt the practice. It is an excellent mode, and far preferable to the zig-zag or wavy stem of Hitt, or any of the schemes, and very ingenious some of them are, of Knight, Hayward, or the French horticulturists, for pear, apple, plum, and cherry-trees.

As we have resolved occasionally to give a sort of practical critique on some garden or nursery near London, during each month of the summer season, we shall commence with the Comte de Vandes', at Bayswater. It is a garden of two acres badly laid out, surrounded by a miserable fence of pales, and

approached by a dirty crooked mews, or lane, called Lavender-lane, from its very opposite odours, on Don Juan's principle of

"Streets called groves, because there are no trees,  
Like lucus from no light."

Such is the exterior of this garden, but the details of culture in the interior are of a very different and superior kind. Here is the best collection of standard roses in any private garden round London, or perhaps in England. There is a greater variety in some of the public nurseries, but not such an assemblage of fine vigorous trees any where. We recommend such of our readers as can spare an hour or two, to visit them the last week of the month.

The bark stove plants in this garden are most admirably managed; they are in the highest degree of health and vigour, and in fact have been so for some years past. One secret of their management consists in keeping the air warm and moist, and for this purpose shutting up the house every afternoon about three o'clock, and then syringing the plants. They are not plunged in tan, but set on gravel.

The greenhouse plants and the alpine are equally well managed by Mr. Campbell, the intelligent gardener. The collections of the three departments abound in the rarest species, a number of which were sent lately from St. Vincent's and from Australasia by Baxter, the botanist, sent there by Mr. Mackie; and who has been so singularly successful in sending home new species to the Belgrave and Clapton nurseries. But we have exceeded our limits.

#### STEAM ROCKET.

In a recent Number, we gave some account of the application of steam for the discharge of musket balls, by the ingenious Mr. Perkins of Fleet-street; since which time he has been pursuing his inquiries respecting the stupendous powers of this mechanical agent, when subject to very elevated temperature. Mr. Perkins proposes to apply Steam for the discharge of Rockets of any size, of many hundred weight if necessary. When we consider the vast advantage which steam at a very elevated temperature possesses over gunpowder, in dispersive power, we see no reason whatever why it may not be made available to a considerable extent in projectiles; more especially in situations where ordnance may be kept stationary, or nearly so. The expense of employing this agent instead of gunpowder, would be limited almost entirely to the first cost of the apparatus; and would thus produce an immense saving in the Ordnance department; for the fuel requisite for the production of steam, would, in no case, bear any proportion to the value of gunpowder.

The shell of the rocket is to be constructed of the best wrought iron, and made sufficiently strong to resist any given pressure that may be desired for discharging the rocket. The expansive force of gunpowder being within 600 pounds to the square inch, some idea may be formed of the power which Mr. Perkins calculates on employing, when we state, that by heating water to what is termed a "white heat," or about 1200° Fahrenheit, he increased the expansive force of the steam to more than 50,000 pounds to the square inch! One half of this power would, however, be more than sufficient for projecting rockets.

Mr. Perkins closes the aperture in his new rocket by running into it some fusible metal;

which metal melting at a given temperature, (say 700° Fahrenheit) the water becomes liberated, and instantly expands into steam of immense power, discharging the rocket at the same instant.

Mr. Perkins not having yet made any experiments with this tremendous power on a large scale, and having a patent in progress for the invention, we defer any farther account to a future opportunity.

#### LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, June 5.—The Chancellor's Prizes for this year have been adjudged as follows:

*Latin Essay*.—"Coloniarius apud Græcos et Romanos inter se Comparatio." Edw. Bouverie Pusey, B.A. of Christ Church, now Fellow of Oriel College.

*English Essay*.—"Athens in the time of Pericles, and Rome in the time of Augustus." William Ralph Chor-ton, B.A. of Queen's College, now Fellow of Oriel Coll.

*Latin Verses*.—"Babylon." Robert Wm. Mackay, Commoner of Brasenose College.

*Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize*.—*English Verse*.—"The Arch of Titus." John Thomas Hope, Commoner of Christ Church.

*Erasmus*.—In our last Paper, in the M.A. Degrees, for William Jay, Esq. M.A. of Oriel College, read Rev. William Gray, M.A. of Pembroke College, Grand Compounder.—*Oxford Herald*.

CAMBRIDGE, June 11.—The Chancellor's gold medal for the best English poem by a resident undergraduate, was on Friday last adjudged to Winthrop Mackworth Praed, scholar of Trinity College. Subject, "Athens."

At a Congregation on Friday last, the following Degrees were conferred:

*Doctor in Civil Law*.—The Rev. D. G. Wait, St. John's Coll. Rector of Blandford, Somerset, (compounder.)  
*Bachelor of Arts*.—Geo. Alex. Paske, Clare Hall.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### ROYAL ACADEMY.

##### Architecture.—(Continued.)

No. 888. An ideal restoration of the Erechtheum, made from an examination of the existing remains of the Temple in the year 1819, and from the description of Pausanias, and other authors. North-west view, as it presents itself to the spectator on the left on entering the Propylæa. H. W. Inwood.—This is a restoration of the most interesting group of buildings of those of Greek workmanship which remain to the present day, and is well known from the great work of Stuart: the subject is well chosen, and the drawing is carefully executed; but we are of opinion that Mr. Inwood has introduced into the composition some features for which he has not sufficient authority, and that the Tetrastyle Portico wants the grace of the original. The Drawing is rather deficient in picturesque effect.

959. An ideal restoration of Athens, made from the existing remains of the temples and other buildings in the year 1819, and from the description of Pausanias. A Sketch for a larger drawing presenting a south-west view of the Acropolis and part of the Lower City, as seen from the Museum Hill. The Same.—This is a slight Sketch of a very noble architectural subject, and one which requires great reading and acute criticism on the part of the architect or antiquary who should undertake to do it full justice; but as Mr. Inwood proposes to study it with more care, it would not be liberal to make any unfavourable remarks on this composition; we will therefore confine ourselves at present to the observation, that we do not recollect the point of view from which Mount Anchesmus and the remains of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius would appear as here exhibited from the Hill of Museums,

unless it be from the edge of it on the south-east side. We are told that the late Signior Lusieri was making, at the time of his decease, a most magnificent Panoramic View of Attica in its present state as seen from the Hill of Musæus.

962. Elevation of a Fragment of an Ionic Capital, of marble, the only remains of the Temple of Eucleia on the Ilissus, brought from Athens, and in the possession of the Artist, &c. *The Same*.—There is so much Attic elegance in this Fragment, that it is much to be regretted the Capital was not found entire. Probably it would want expression if placed far from the eye. The Drawing is finely executed.

893. Fountain of Azal Dgiamici, or of Ibrahim Bey Ogion, Constantinople. *W. Page*.—This is an interesting Drawing, exhibiting some of the peculiarities of Turkish architecture. As a picture, it wants a little more harmony and keeping.

895. A Keeper's Lodge erecting for the Marquis of Tweedale at Yester. *S. Wyatt, R. A. Elect*.

897. A Lodge erecting for Lord Middleton at Wollaton in the style of the house. *Same*.

900. A Gatekeeper's Cottage erecting in Windsor Park for His Majesty. *The Same*.

897. Is a Design in the melange style of architecture, and perhaps corresponds very well with that of the house; but as Mr. Wyatt has been recently elected a Royal Academician, and has thus attained the highest grade of an Institution intended (it is presumed) for the collection of the purest and most classical style of Architecture, we should have been more pleased to have seen from his hand, designs made in that style, rather than those here exhibited.

895 and 900 are two Designs of simple rustic Gateways, which do not require much notice to be bestowed on them.

906. Composition of various Fragments, selected principally from Churches in Italy. *T. L. Donaldson*.

967. Idea for a Temple to Victory, according to the ancient usages. Plan, elevation, perspective view of the square of the columns, perspective view of the entrance to the catacombs. The date of the composition is supposed to be that of the reign of Hadrian, and its situation to be on the declivity between the two summits of Mount Ithome, at Messina, in the Peloponnesus, &c. &c. *The Same*.—The subject of No. 906 is managed with much taste, and exhibits examples of the architectural sculpture of Italy, chiefly chosen from that of the cinque-cento period. Perhaps Mr. D. has not acted judiciously in adopting for his back ground, a church in that style of the architecture of the middle ages which is not of frequent occurrence in Italy; and which at least does not harmonise well with the character of his sepulchral monuments.

We believe the Design marked No. 967 was made by Mr. D. whilst he was prosecuting his professional studies at Rome, after a tour which he made in Greece, for the purpose of examining and delineating the architectural antiquities of that country. It shows much invention and research, and a due attention to the composition and forms of the classical buildings of Greece, and especially of those connected with the public games. For this Design, Mr. D. (as we are informed) was admitted a member of the Academy of St. Luke at Rome, and also of that of the Royal Academy of the Fine Arts at Florence:

he is a young Architect of considerable talents, and of great application to the study of his profession, and we trust the public will justly appreciate and reward his merit. This Design is hung too high in the room to draw readily the attention of the passing visitor.

955. View of the Church now building at Brighton, as it will appear from the Steyne. *C. Barry*.—This is a pleasing Composition in the style of the architecture of the middle ages. The design of the Tower and Spire is graceful.

*Ancient Military Architecture: A Series of Views of the most interesting remains of Ancient Castles of England and Wales; Engraved by W. Woolnoth and W. Tomblinson, from Drawings by G. Arnald, A. R. A., C. V. Fielding, E. Blore, H. Gastineaux; and with historical descriptions by E. W. Brayley, jun. Parts 1 to 12. 8vo. Sold by all Booksellers, &c.*

This title page describes the nature of a publication, of which a part was issued every month during the last year; the first volume is therefore now before us in a complete state, and we are enabled to speak of the execution of a design, the plan of which we always approved. Whether forming portions with cathedrals, churches, &c. in general works of architectural or picturesque art, or being comprised among the ancient memorials in expensive county histories, that very interesting feature of our national character, comprehended in those places of strength where our forefathers fought, from the time of the Romans to within the last century, has never been distinctly and conveniently submitted to the public acquisition. To supply this desideratum the present work was devised; and as far as it has been carried, appears to be admirably calculated to fulfil its object. The selection of castles, about fifty in number, has been very judicious, and the execution of the plates is beautiful;—they display a great variety of style, from the bright and clear of sunny landscape, to the sombre and gloomy of feudal ruins; and are all finished in a manner which does honour to the artists employed upon them.

Nor is Mr. Brayley's contribution of historical descriptions unworthy of the occasion. They are concise, but sufficient; and obviously drawn from the best authorities, at the cost of much diligent research. Thus combining the merits of the painter, the engraver, the antiquarian, and the man of letters; and combining them too at a very cheap price, we have much pleasure in recommending the *Ancient Military Architecture* as a work of very superior attractions.

The second volume is, we presume, proceeding; and, we trust, when the three volumes originally proposed are finished, there will have been encouragement given to induce the proprietors to add the Scottish castles to those of England and Wales.

#### COLOURED ENGRAVINGS.

Two peculiar and grand Engravings of marine subjects have just been published, from pictures by W. Daniell, R. A.; one of which we remember to have admired at the Somerset House Exhibition. The first represents an Indianman in a North Wester, off the Cape of Good Hope, in which we see the poet's idea realized:

— and wat'ry mountains rear  
Triumphant in his ruin.

The other is also off the Cape—a man overboard,

and equally full of magnificent interest. In both, the dark masses of the upheaving waves, like alp on alp, are pictured with a poetical imagination, yet perfectly true to nature. We look at the dreadful sea, and wonder at the hardihood of the puny being man, who dares to tempt its tremendous rage, and whose ingenuity and courage conquer such an element. The idea excited is altogether of a sublime character: the black or yeasty expanse of waters—the ship sweeping through foam which breaks over her highest yards—the solitary sea-bird careering amid the tempest—the reddened sky—all these are of an elevated cast of sentiment; and therefore we dislike the only incongruous incident, which the painter has introduced in the man overboard, viz. the somewhat ludicrous appearance of the fowls in the coop, thrown out for him to grasp at. With the exception of this petty blemish, (which, though natural enough, is not in good keeping,) we have not seen any works of the class under notice which have greater merit for novelty, grandeur, conception, and execution, than these of Mr. Daniell's.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### STANZAS.

Race of the rainbow wing, the deep blue eye  
Whose palace was the bosom of a flower;  
Who rode upon the breathing of the rose;  
Drank from the harebell; made the moon the queen  
Of their gay revels; and whose trumpets were  
The pink-veined honeysuckle; and who rode  
Upon the summer butterfly; who slept  
Lulled in the sweetness of the violet's leaves,—  
Where are ye now? And ye of eastern tale,  
With your bright palaces, your emerald halls;  
Gardens whose fountains were of liquid gold;  
Trees with their ruby fruit and silver leaves,—  
Where are ye now?

Alas! alas! the times are fled  
Of magic gift or spell;  
No Fairy aids true lovers now,  
Let them love ne'er so well.

In vain the moon, in vain the stars,  
Shine on the haunted ring;  
In vain the glow-worm's lamp—it lights  
No elfin revelling.

And even from their eastern halls  
The mystic race of yore  
Have fled; they build their palaces,  
Give their rich gifts no more.

Would some kind Spirit would arise,  
And lead me to the shrine  
Where is Aladdin's lamp, and make  
The spell of power mine!

I would not bid its genius rear  
Their glorious hall again;  
Oh, marble walls and jewelled throne  
Make but a gilded chain.

But I would have a little ship,  
In which I'd cross the sea;  
How pleasant it would be, to sail  
In storm, or shine, with thee!

And we should hear the silver tides  
Make music to the moon,  
And see the waters turned to gold  
Beneath the summer noon.

Then we would have an island made  
Of Summer and of Spring,  
And every flower from east and west  
My Spirits there should bring.

The tulip should spring up beside  
The purple violet,  
The carnalata's crimson bloom  
Round the pale primrose set.

The pine should grow beside the palm;  
And our sweet home should be  
Where jasmine the green temple wreathed  
Of a Banana tree.



And there should be the Indian birds,  
With wings like their own sky;  
And English songsters join with them  
The music of their sigh.

And we would have a fountain tuned  
As if a lute were there,  
And yielding forth, in sound, the sweets  
Caught from the rose-filled air.

And there should be a coral cave  
Close by the ocean side,  
Lighted with spar, and just a home  
For some young sea-god's bride.

Here we would pass the noon: each shell  
Upon the sea-beach thrown  
Should send forth music, and each one  
Should have a differing tone.

And we would sometimes see the world—  
Just see enough to bless,  
Amid its tumult, strife, and wrong,  
Our own calm happiness.

But this is very vain to dream  
Of what may never be;  
I have enow of spells, when Love  
Has thrown his spell round me.

In truth, dear love! there's but one spell  
That has a thought of mine—  
That of affection's gentlest charm,  
To make and keep me thine.

L. E. L.

## TITANIA.

I am Queen of the Fairies,  
And widely I roam,  
Each realm of enchantment  
For me has a home.

Thro' the pure fields of ether  
Unwearied I fly,  
And I seek as my dwelling  
Each star of the sky.

I plunge in the ocean;  
And under the wave,  
Deck with pearl and with coral  
My crystalline cave.

On earth when I wander,  
My pinion I close,  
In some bow'r of beauty  
Awhile to repose.

When the Monarch of summer  
At evening declines,  
And on the calm streamlet  
His latest light shines;

Then I float in the sun-beam  
That tinges each fold  
Of the clouds that draw near him  
With purple and gold.

My spirit is buoyant,  
And never oppress;  
My wing ever moving,  
But needing no rest.

Time, distance, and danger,  
Arrest not my flight;  
It is brilliant as fancy,  
And rapid as light!

May 29th, 1824. Sir Bevis of Hampton.

## THE FAIRY'S GIFT.

Haste, Sisters! haste: a garland entwine  
For a faithful youth and a maiden true,  
With roses and fragrant eglantine,  
And orange flowers and violet blue;  
And, shrouded in her mantle green,  
The lovely lily of the vale;  
And, there, forget-me-not\* be seen,  
Fond burthen of true lover's tale;  
Sweet heart's ease, and the daisy too,  
And every flower, but hateful rue.

With myrtle leaves the flowers combine  
Like the hues of the rainbow dye;  
And mingle beams of pale moonshine  
To blend them softer for the eye:

\* *Myosotis arvensis*.

Dip the wreath in the dew of morn,  
That long it fresh and fragrant prove;  
And see that it hide no deadly thorn  
To wound the tender breast of love:  
And, oh! examine it through and through,  
Lest harbour there the hateful rue.

Haste, Sisters! haste again; and bring  
The purest dewy pearl, laid  
In cowslip cup, or early wing  
Of lark shakes from the bending blade;  
And crystallize that lucid tear,  
Imbued with the morning rays,  
That it may sparkle ever clear,  
And, bright with native lustre, blaze,  
Emblem of purity! to rest  
Upon a guileless, virgin breast.

Weave a zone of the twined light,  
All stainless as the mountain snows,  
Without a tint to shade the white,  
Save that which o'er the bosom glows  
Of maiden, when the whisper sweet  
Of lover first salutes her ear,  
And her soft eyes his glances meet  
All moist with joy's ecstatic tear:  
Oh! be it pure—for what should rest  
With stain upon a virgin breast?

The wreath is twined, the zone is wore,  
And crystallized the dewy tear:  
But, whom shall bind this band of Love?  
And who the zone of Virtue wear?  
And on whose breast the pearl shine?  
For not a thought must nestle there  
That is not pure as truth divine,  
Sincere as martyr's dying prayer.  
Say, where shall we the mortal find  
With heart so true, so pure in mind?

Bring, Sisters! bring the Zone to me,  
The crystall'd tear; the wreath of flowers;  
Her breast is heaving peacefully  
Might wear that zone in angel bowers;  
And beams her eye with artless smile  
Who well may grace the pearl of truth;  
And she shall throw, with playful wile,  
The wreath around her chosen youth,  
To bind him to her bosom ever,  
Enraptured now, nor more to sever! A. T. T.

## BIOGRAPHY.

MISS CRACHAM.

Our poor little dwarf is dead. She had been unwell for a few days; and expired on her way home, after undergoing the fatigue of receiving above 200 visitors on Thursday last. The frequency of our mention of this extraordinary Being, may have shown that we felt a kindly interest in her welfare; and we are really sorry for her so early demise. Yet the great wonder was that the machinery of life could have been carried on so long in so minute and diminutive a form; that a creature like this should possess all the physical, moral, and intellectual attributes of perfect humanity. It staggered the inquiring mind to contemplate her; and one could not help revolving the strange doubts which arose—Is there here in this pigmy production of nature, which we can merely say belongs to the highest order of creation, responsibility of action, principle, soul, and immortality? The party in whose charge she was, were attentive to her; and we only regret that the exhibition was not made less constant and fatiguing for so delicate and fragile a creature.

## MR. OXBERRY.

This clever performer died suddenly on Wednesday, at the age of about forty. He was the son of a respectable tradesman in the Parish of St. Luke's, and originally intended for an Artist, having been placed under the care of Mr. Stubbs, with that object in view.

Tiring of this profession, he was afterwards for two or three years in the house of Mr. Ribean, a printer and bookseller, in Blandford Street; and while there, commenced operations as an actor, at a private theatre in Queen Ann Street. His first part was Hassan, in the Castle Spectre. He afterwards joined another company in Berwick Street, where he played David, in the Rivals, so little to the satisfaction of his associates that he was displaced. To shame them, he resolved on a public appearance, and chose the village of Edgeware for the experiment. Still success did not attend him; but his perseverance obtained an engagement from the Southend Manager, then performing at Watford. With him he was cast into Antonio's (Merchant of Venice,) Glenalvon's (Douglas,) and similar parts; till accident threw him into the line for which nature and his bent of mind had intended him. Instead of Peregrine in John Bull, he was put, on an emergency, into Dan; and though he did afterwards try Richard III. and such matters, he at length attracted the notice of Mr. Siddons, and settled into his forte, low comedy. In November 1807, he made his debut at Covent Garden Theatre; but did not produce a very favourable impression. At Glasgow he was more fortunate, and returned with greater confidence to London, where the Lyceum (under Mr. Raymond) gave him the opportunities of new characters, in which he became a decided favorite with the Town. Drury Lane, the Haymarket, the Olympic, and the Surrey, have since enjoyed his exertions. In rustics, particularly, he displayed much talent; but his humour was frequently rather coarse. His Robin Roushead was one of his best characters; but he filled many others with considerable ability. In private life, we fear, he more resembled what the Stage was, than what its leading members now are. We do not mean to say that he was of vicious habits, but he was the proprietor of Wine Vaults, and much addicted to that companionship which delights in the tavern by night, the roaring song and the loud joke. This, alas! is neither the road to eminence in any pursuit, nor to length of days; and thus we have now to record the early death of a very shrewd, pleasant, and good-humoured man, who might, under happier circumstances, have acquired more applause as an actor, and have left more ample resources for his widow and children.

[Note.—It is but justice to mention, that we have derived the leading incidents of Oxberry's life from a book recently published by Sherwood & Co., called The Biography of the British Stage, and containing short accounts of the principal living actors and actresses. The writer's estimate of many of them is widely different from ours; but his work is useful and entertaining, and will be prized by the admirers of the Drama.]

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

SIGHTS OF LONDON, ETC.

No. XIII.

The Artists' Benevolent Fund had its annual meeting at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Saturday, which was numerously attended. Prince Leopold was in the chair, supported by Sir John Swinburne, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and a table full of members of the Royal Academy. I was sorry not to see persons of distinction in other ways present, to give a relief and variety to the picture. The proceedings of the day were rather dull, but there was a liberal subscription of about 650l. His Royal Highness the chairman addressed the company frequently, and spoke,

though briefly, with great propriety. There was nothing out of the usual routine to observe upon: the accustomed toasts were drunk, and enlogies paid, and thanks returned. Benevolence was justly praised as a great virtue; and Mr. Broadhurst took care that the musical department should shine as a great art; while Mr. Cuff vied with him in procuring as high a meed for the hot operations of the kitchen and cool preservations of the cellar. The stewards, I believe, were very attentive; at least, I saw one collecting money most diligently; and the friends of so truly good an institution may congratulate themselves on the manifestation of its prosperity at this anniversary.

## LADY ESTHER STANHOPE.

*Extracted from Pilgrinages in the East in 1815 and 1816. By Otto Frederick Von Richter.\**

"NEAR the summit of a mountain we came to the Maronite village and convent of Maschmash, in the midst of vineyards and plantations of mulberry trees. All the monks were engaged in domestic employments: some gathering mulberry leaves, others grapes, some winding thread, others weaving, &c.

"As Lady Esther Stanhope resides here in summer, I sent a messenger to inquire at what hour I could have the honour of paying my respects to her. By a mistake, and not by any fault of mine, I was announced to her as an Englishman: she accordingly wrote me a note in her own language, expressing the pleasure it would give her to become acquainted with one of her own countrymen; which laid me under the disagreeable necessity of beginning our acquaintance by destroying the hope which she had entertained.

"I found her with two slaves and two little pages, in a wretched hut, which had a room at two of its angles. She is tall and robust, and must once have been handsome; but she has already much the appearance of an old maid. On her head she had a shawl striped red and white. She wore a short red pelisse over a male dress in the Turkish fashion, and over the whole a white Aba, with red strings, like an Arab Sheik. She talks a great deal, and with the teeth closed, in the English manner. Her conversation was extremely interesting to me: she related her expedition to Palmyra, and the conduct of the Arab Emir, who had become her friend, and whose character she could not sufficiently praise. Yet, notwithstanding the delight which this excursion had given her, I observed that she had not returned from it without some fears, especially on account of the enmity that subsisted between two tribes. Next to the pleasure of exercising influence over several chiefs of this country, and even a kind of dominion over others, a fondness for horses seems to afford her the most resources for passing her time. She can here easily gratify her taste in this respect. She spoke of these animals with raptures.

"The particulars which Lady Esther com-

\* Respecting this traveller, and his untimely death, there is a notice in the very first Number of our *Literary Gazette*. The Oriental MSS. and books, and other curiosities which he had collected, were sent to the University of Dorpat. Mr. Evera, Professor in that University, selected from the MSS. of his former pupil, and from the letters which he wrote to his family while on his travels, every thing relative to Syria, the island of Cyprus, and Asia Minor, which he has published in an 8vo. volume after several years' delay. M. Lidman, Richter's fellow-traveller, now Professor at Linköping, has promised to publish the account of his travels in Egypt and Nubia, which may be expected to be interesting, notwithstanding more recent visits.—Ed.

municated to me respecting the political relations of the neighbouring tribes were very instructive: she especially boasted of having in her service the most desperate rogues, robbers, and assassins,—which gave her great power. She had just sent some of them to procure information respecting Mr. Bautin, a French traveller, who was reported to have been assassinated in the mountains of Anassari, while he was pursuing his bold resolution of visiting those famous mountains in Caramania.

"After a conversation of several hours she sent for the Abbé Gandolpho, a Roman Missionary, who at that time resided with her, and had one of the houses of the peasants assigned me; she has hired several of them in the village. She in general eats alone, and very moderately. I supped with Mr. Gandolpho. After supper I returned to Lady Esther, with whom I chatted till midnight. She appeared to me to be a person of superior understanding; but, with her head full of strange ideas, she does well to remain where she is. Though we did not always agree together in opinion, she did not show me the less kindness and attention, and gave me a letter of recommendation for Hamah."

When he left Lady Esther, she sent one of her servants to conduct him first to the grottoes of Fakhreddin, and then to accompany him part of the way to Damascus. From that city he went to Bosra; and on his return to Damascus, on the 7th of November, about a month after parting from Lady Stanhope, he found there a letter from her Ladyship, who having heard that he had fallen dangerously ill, had the kindness to offer the services of her own physician.

## CHARACTER-HIGH-STICKS.

OBSERVING, Mr. Editor, your insertion of my first communication, I am induced to believe that a continuation of my perry-grin-ation will not be unacceptable.\* At all events, as I have *em-bark'd* in the design, I will *hide* nothing which may tend to the amusement of your many thousand readers, nor tan-to-lies them with *curry-us* stories about nobody. I draw from life without fear of the exciseman; nor will I *fleece* a single individual, though sometimes compell'd to *shear* close to the skin. But you will say, "Why not go back twenty or thirty years, and tell us some old tales of by-gone days?" Stop a little, stop a little, and you shall hear. I was standing, with folded arms, in deep meditation in my tan-yard, when an old grey goose, waddling along, dropp'd a wing-feather near my feet. "And this (said I, taking it up,) this sort of weapon has done more than the sword and all the instruments of death. Without thee the warrior, the patriot, and the hero, must have been buried in oblivion; but thou conferrest a lasting fame,—a fame which triumphs above the wreck of ages. With thee the author ranges through the fields of science! With thee the poet soars on the bright pinions of fancy, and rides with the planets on their golden cars! With thee—" Quack, quack, went a duck, with a note of interrogation. "Quack, quack!" (continued I,) aye, it is even so; one half is indeed quackery and humbug. However, if in tracing a few lines with this said goose-quill, I can raise an innocent smile, or cheat an individual of one half-hour's portion of care, my end will be answered. But I must try you first in short excursions, that I

\* The first paper appeared in No. 371; the present has been rescued from a mass of articles mislaid.—Ed.

may be enabled to shake from thy feathers all smell of the tan-yard, and sink the name of Felt in sympathetic feeling." I went to the desk in my counting-house, trimm'd my companion, and scribbled off the paper you received. As soon, therefore, as I can accomplish my design, and sit long enough at a time upon my high stool, you shall have sheet after sheet, sheet after sheet, till you exclaim with Mac-something in the play, "Hold! enough!" But to get on board, I descended from the quay to the deck. "Please, Sir, to remember the ladder," said an old grey-headed bear-eyed man. "Aye, aye, my friend, you need not *speak* upon that subject, for there's a *spoke* gone, which nearly tumbled me overboard; I sha'n't forget o' one while."—"It's customary, your honour."—"What, a broken ladder?"—"No, your honour, that was accident; but every body gi'es some-ut."—"Do they? then I must follow the mode" putting a small coin in his hand. "Let go the head-rope, (hallooed the Captain,) and haul her bow round; let go, let go of all!"—"Aye, aye, Sir!—there she goes! there she walks! Hats and wigs, gemmen, look out for the main-boom."—"How does she go, mate?" cried the Captain at the helm. "Never better, Sir; her bow is between the two cat-heads."—"Steady, and keep her so. Steady 'tis, mate, steady!" And thus we pass'd between the pier-heads, receiving the farewells of those we left behind. After parting with the spectators, it was very natural for us to look at one another. For myself, I had little else to do. Close shut up in her carriage lashed on one side of the deck was the Countess Dowager of — and Sir C—W—, who thus took an opportunity of journeying to Paris (in company with a female friend) to visit his wife, after she had been making a tour of the Continent with a gentle cousin. On the bench abait them sat a Cosack chief and suite. They had been to England to try our beef against their *bœuf de cheval*. The top of the sky-light was occupied by Sir F—F— and Lady, a Deputy Commissary-general, Sir —, whose carriage and four greys were aboard, and a young buck of fashion, who lithered hith accents tho. On the opposite side of the deck was an ancient, farmer-looking man. He appeared equally in his element in ploughing the wave, as he would have been upon his own estate. There was a good-humour'd unconcernedness about him, and his looks seem'd to say, with the old miller's song,

"I cares for nobody, no not I,  
And nobody cares for me."

By his side, and still gazing at the shore, stood a young Colonel. His hat was frequently waving above his head, and now and then we could distinguish a flash of something white upon the beach: it told a tender tale of parting love. Behind them sat a learned M.D. who was making a *pill-grim-age* to the Continent for the benefit of his patients. On the stern-rail a scene-painter was sketching the coast for a new pantomime; overlook'd by a novelist searching for originals on one side, and a scientific traveller on the other. Stretch'd on a pile of baggage, forward, lay an Irish Sergeant fast asleep, while his faithful Judy, with a short dodecen in her month, watch'd o'er his *purly* slumbers. A keen, sharp-eyed genius, with an assumed look of stupidity, and habited like a methodist parson, lol'd over the windlass end, turning his eagle glance on every one around, displayed the dealer in contra-bands. A rough shock

head, frequently thrust up the companion from below, inquiring whether "All was shafe, and how much more they had to go?" proclaimed an Israelite in-deed. Beside those already mentioned, the passengers were, a French captain, a Mad-dame from the *Magazin des Modes*, (whose bonnet resembled a May-day garland decorating the steeple of a village church,) escorted by a little abbé all smiles and frisks, the licensed possessor of her conscience; an Italian opera-dancer, a Dutch burgo-master, a sergeant-at-law, two ordinary M.P.'s a city alderman, and a Dover magistrate, with his family, going on a visit to their old friends at Calais. The sails were nicely trimm'd, and being, as an honest Jack observed, "past all safety," my old friend the Captain resigned the helm to one of the crew, and joined me in conversation. The passengers, too, began to group themselves together as if by instinct. Shadrach Levi, who had ventured on deck, took the smuggler for a companion; and all seem'd admirably attached except the honest farmer (as he appeared;) his blunt manners and independent looks were not relished by any but the novelist, and I would have given a trifle to have examined his sketch-book. When about mid-channel it fell a perfect calm, but at the same time the blackening clouds that hung upon the horizon warn'd us at least of rain. Evening now closed in, and many anxious fears for safety were express'd. "Bless ma conscience, (cried Shadrach,) ven shall we get over de pond! Oh I wish I was in Dukesh Plaish again!"—"Pray, thailor, (inquired the young buck,) do the American privateerth ever come here?"—"Sometimes, Sir, they give us a slap. We had five or six passengers killed about a fortnight ago."—"Oh dear, what a thocking thing!—what, fight?"—"Oh that's nothing; the skippers often *bury* their passengers, and who's the wiser?"—"What, I suppoth, the privateerth attack you over night; and where do they go to?"—"Oh, Sir, they're snug in America next morning."—"Oh dear, I hope they won't come now." The doctor and the abbé had commenced a violent contest, when a sudden puff of wind put a stop to the argument, and away they all went down to leeward. "Arrah, stop the ship, stop the ship!" roared the sergeant, grasping his dear Judy round the waist. The Countess shriek'd, the ladies cried, the men groaned, and the sailors laughed; while the Captain whistled "Crazy Jane" with all his might. The only unconcerned individual was our farming friend, who appeared as indifferent as possible, except that while the crew were hauling down a reef in the main-sail, he seem'd quite at home, assisting with a hearty good will. "Bless ma heart, vat shall I do!" cried Shadrach, when he had tumbled head foremost against the stomach of a Don Cossack, who lifted him up with the same ease that he would a sucking pig, and set the dirty little animal on his legs. "Thank you, Shir, mit all ma heart; and if ever you should come to Dukesh Plaish—" Down dropp'd Shadrach through the companion, and crawled away to bed. "Whath the matter?" cried the young buck. "Nothing, nothing, (replied the Captain,) only the ship's overboard."—"Oh dear, oh dear! then we shall all be drowned!"—"In less than an hour, so get ready for t'other world."—"Faith, Captain, but this is comical tratement for gentlemen! (exclaimed Sir F—F—) and next time I go by your conveyance I'll engage you shall

keep the vessel quiet."—"Arrah, Judy, where are you, darling?"—"Faith and it's here I am, Pat, in the centre of a hobble, all alone by myself, in the middle of the Russians." The doctor's heart beat like a pestle and mortar, making a strange mixture; the Countess took a vivifying draught of ratifia; Madame Go-ginger-bread applied herself piously to the can de vie; the abbé joined in the libation; the alderman had turned the *turtle* between the blankets; the M.P.'s declared they would get an act passed to ensure fine weather, and cried out lustily about breach of privilege; the Cossacks were satisfied they should not starve while the horses remained; the deputy commissary-general began to think of short rations; the young colonel was fast asleep; the scene-painter, like an old fox, had dropp'd his brush; the novelist declared it was all original; the traveller was travelling with apprehension; the opera-dancer figured in a sorry-band; Mynheer Von Donner-drunk considered it best that every corporation should rest upon its own broad-bottom'd foundation; the French captain concealed himself under the lappets of the burgo-master's coat; the smuggler was picking up the wee things about the decks; the sergeant-at-law was at *cross* examinations; while the Dover magistrate, with his family, were neither one thing nor the other. I stuck by the old Captain, who still whistled and sung "Crazy Jane" with lungs like the bellows of a church-organ; and close to us stood the farmer. "Rough night, Captain," said he. "Aye, Sir, it blows fresh—"Shun not then poor Crazy Jane." Perhaps you'd like a glass of grog, Sir, or wine. Here, George! Steward! George! bring some grog and biscuit." The Mate now joined us. "Well, Mate, how does she go, Mate?" inquired the Captain; and without waiting for an answer, continued his song—"Do my frenzied looks alarm you?—Stop a minute, Mate, the grog is coming—"Shun not then poor Crazy Jane." George appeared with the grog. We had just mixed our glasses, when the wind came fair, and promised us safe landing in about an hour. "Well, Captain, 'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good, (said the farmer;) here's your health. And in return for your glass of grog, if you want any one to take the helm in running in, I'm your boy, (he was upwards of seventy;) or when you get ashore come to Dessein's, and ask for Admiral —, and we'll crack a bottle together." And sure enough it was he himself. Born to that splendid fame which dwells not in outward show, the memorial is deeply engraven on every Briton's heart. "Bless ma conscience, are we shafe yet?" enquired Shadrach, knocking a bumper glass out of the hand of the Countess as she was receiving it from her attendant. "Get up the towlines, Mate, (cried the Captain,) and have the jib-purchase and forehaliards all clear." We now entered between Calais pier-heads, and old Mascot (the brother of him who piloted Louis on his return to his dominion) came aboard to conduct us in. "Halloo, Moscow, haulhee, haulhee with the rope!" said the Captain, observing the wind shorten out of the harbour. However, in a few minutes we landed close to the spot where the impression of the Desiré's foot was cut in the stone by those who, a few years before, were ready to erect a chin-chopper to cut off his head. And now, Mr. Editor, having fulfilled my promise, I once more take my leave, thanking you for the attention you have paid my *billy-ducks*, (you see I have

learned a little of French;) and promising that, in some shape or other, you shall once more hear from yours, &c. &c.

HUMPHREY FELT,  
Currier and Tanner.

## DRAMA.

### KING'S THEATRE.

ON Tuesday, *Tuncredi* was very finely performed, and their Majesties of Sandwich were at the Theatre. They, however, seemed to enjoy the Ballet most: perhaps the music was of a different order from what they have been accustomed to.

### DRURY LANE.

MONDAY evening, at this Theatre, was appropriated to what is called, *par excellence*, Mr. Elliston's annual Benefit, on which occasion he generally puts up a tolerably good bill, and returns thanks to his friends for their patronage during the past season. In the present instance the attractions were many and of various descriptions. There was *The Hypocrite*, *The Liar*, and *Two Wives*. Then there was Catalani in three or four songs, which she sung with her usual effect; and, what was the greatest novelty of all, the Manager's oration. Of this latter production, which certainly might be called a dramatic performance, though from one or two of the expressions contained in it, we should presume it had not been submitted to the keen surveillance of the licenser, we cannot speak very favourably. It was in truth very wordy, and very little to the purpose. The former mismanagement of the Theatre; the rising price of the proprietors' shares; the Manager's own disinterestedness, exceeding even Roman patriotism and Roman virtue; with the excellence of the Company,—were the topics upon which he fondly dilated. But to speak plainly, all this appears to us to be very bad taste. "Good wine needs no bush;" and Mr. Elliston may depend upon it, that if he will encourage authors, engage good actors, and cast his plays strongly, the public will never be backward in rewarding his exertions, whether he make two speeches in the year or one, his bills be printed in large type or a small one, or the colour of the letters be black, blue, red, or green.—The other nights have been almost all benefits; among others, Mrs. Bunn's on Wednesday. The powers of this lady would at all times command public regard; but, in the present dearth of female excellence in the higher walks of the Drama, she ought to be trebly cherished.—On Monday, Mr. Macready plays the noble part of Coriolanus, for his own benefit, and we need hardly add that a bumper is anticipated.

### COVENT GARDEN.

ON Friday, after the lively little Comedy of *Charles the Second*, which increases nightly in attraction, a very indifferent Melodrame, called *The Castellan's Oath*, was performed for the first time. To enter into a detailed account of the plot and incidents of this flimsy production would only be to weary our readers and ourselves. Suffice it to observe, that it is compounded of the usual ingredients. There is a King who is an usurper; a rightful heir to the throne, who is of course a most amiable and enlightened youth; a noble Jailer, who takes an oath to destroy his prisoner if any attempt should be made to carry him off; and a lady, the wife of the aforesaid jailer, who is determined, come what will, to effect the young gentleman's escape. These cha-



racters, with a couple of facetious servants and a female attendant upon the lady, form the whole of the dramatic personæ, and carry on, such as it is, the business of the piece. T. P. Cooke was the Castellan, and did all he could for a wretched part. Mrs. Faucit, as the Countess, his wife, played with considerable spirit; but for a lady of her substance to personate a ghost, is almost too much for "mortal man to bear." It was a friar's ghost, however; and as the fathers of the church are proverbially round and sleek, perhaps it was as it should be, and proper, after all. Blanchard, in the cowardly servant, tried hard to make us laugh; but the author had done so little for him that it was all uphill work, and he had some difficulty in producing the desired effect. The other comic part was assigned to Duruset, who in his own particular line is a very pleasing actor, and moreover a very pretty singer; but his court to Thalia, in this instance, it was impossible could be successful. Mrs. Vining was interesting as the young Prince; and Miss Hammersly, although she executed one of the songs tolerably, was, as heretofore, quite unintelligible in the dialogue. It is a great pity she does not learn to speak plainly. Good Mr. Thelwall, look to her. The piece is from the pen of Mr. Walker, the successful author of the Tragedy of Wallace.

## HAYMARKET.

This Theatre will open for the season on Monday next. Amongst the actors engaged are our old favourites, W. Farren, Liston, Cooper, Harley, and Wilkinson from the English Opera; with Madame Vestris and Miss Chester; and some Stars from the provinces.

## POLITICS.

THE dismissal of M. de Chateaubriand from the French Ministry, is the principal news of the week. The King of Portugal has very properly sent his infant son to Bre(a)st. In America, they are tugging at a new tariff. At home they have accidentally burnt a room in Carlton Palace, and destroyed several fine pictures, including the Duke of Orleans by Sir Joshua.

## VARIETIES.

Clare, the Northamptonshire poet, is stated to be in London, in extremely bad health.

Several distressing instances of hydrophobia have recently occurred in various parts of England. Two, of deaths from bites of cats.

*Longevity.*—A man died on the 13th ult. at Warepage (in Flanders) at the great age of 119. He was a soldier in the seven years war; and, with the exception of sight, retained all his faculties to the last.

The French aeronauts are following the present English mania—several ascents are announced in the Journals.

*Original (Street) Literature.*—We are prone to encourage literature, and especially Poetry, of every kind; and were the other day seduced into the purchase of an Account of the Balloon (Mr. Graham's ascent), "by wide-mouthed mortal bawled aloud," in Piccadilly. Of course, our critical acumen was exercised upon this production, which is on one sheet, and adorned with a good wood-cut of a striped balloon and car, containing Mr. Graham waving a flag, and Mrs. Graham in a handsome pelisse and bonnet (the mantuamaker's and milliner's names unfortunately not given.) The prose detail is admirably written, as might be expected, as it is taken

from the Newspapers; but the poetry is original, and of so much a higher cast, that we cannot help copying it for the enjoyment of our readers:—

Good people give attention.

To what I now shall mention

Its worth your observation,

To listen awhile to me,

To Pentonville we hear,

Some thousands did repair,

When our British hero Graham,

Ascended in the air,

As a Briton in his station.

Does honour to the nation,

As an honour to his King,

This noble task performed,

And the weather did prove fine;

People business did decline,

Husbands with their spouses

And likewise Betsy Blowsey

Along with Margery Muggins

Must see this grand Balloon

The sight sure was most charming

From all parts they were coming,

Some eagerly were running,

This noble sight to see

Old Granny hobbling come,

With her old ancient gums

With wonder they are gazing

The sight is so amazing,

Some to satisfy their humour

They climb up the trees

Hear how the people buzzing

Waiting to see her rising

What pushing and what driving

At length the ropes were cut,

The people all surprised

With shouts do rend the skies,

Women they are bawling

Young children they are squalling,

He gives the people warning

And from the gardens fly

Now as he is ascending

For his safety each contending

Some cries Rot the children,

Why keep them not at home

Why do you bring them here,

They will be crush'd to death I fear

While some loses their pockets

And Nelly she is lost her pocket

And every farthing in it,

By seeing the Balloon,

Rome, 21 March, 1824.

THE excavations which the Princess Doria caused to be made last year on the estate *La Bottaccia*, the native country of the Antonines, had been too successful not to inspire a wish of renewing them this year. They have already led to the discovery of two magnificent Urns of white marble. One of them, which is of an elliptical form, is covered with bas reliefs, representing the contest between Apollo and Marsyas, and the Judgment of Midas. The second urn, on which a sleeping child is sculptured, probably contained the ashes of this child. Since the discovery of these Urns, a very beautiful Mosaic Pavement has been uncovered.

Towards the beginning of this year, some workmen employed in repairing the road close to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, in the Appian Way, found, a very little below the surface, the trunk of a statue in armour, of indifferent workmanship; and near to it, also on the road between the tomb and the fortifications of Capo di Bove, three large gently rounded fragments, with a simple cornice running over them, with the following inscription beautifully carved in large characters:

T. CRVST | DIVS. T. F. FAB. BRI

PRÆF. E QVIT. VIXIT. ANN. XI. X

EX. TESTAMENTO. PRÔ. PARTE DI | IDIA

The entire length of the inscription is 9 feet 3½ inches; the breadth of the stone, 5 feet 8 inches. The height of the letters is, in the first line, 5 inches 4 lines; in the second, 4 inches 5 lines; in the third, 4 inches 1 line. The segment of the circle to which the fragment belongs, is of the same magnitude as that of the tomb of Cecilia Metella; and the sight of this fragment found so near it, inclines us to imagine that a monument of T. Crustidius, resembling the other in magnitude, stood opposite to it. There has been found also, near the same spot, a large piece of marble ornamented with foliage of beautiful workmanship, 4 feet 2 inches high and 2 feet 6 inches broad.

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## METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

	June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.....	3	from 47 to 63	30.25 stat.
Friday.....	4	43 — 69	30.26 — 30.23
Saturday.....	5	42 — 62	30.21 — 30.14
Sunday.....	6	48 — 71	30.14 — 30.12
Monday.....	7	49 — 71	30.11 stat.
Tuesday.....	8	44 — 73	30.07 — 30.00
Wednesday.....	9	44 — 73	29.95 — 29.89

Wind NE. Generally clear. In the evening of the 6th, a fog came on so suddenly and thick as to be worthy of particular remark.

Errata in p. 328. — 2d col. line 13, for the finest read having first. — 3d col. line 18, for Grimbles' read Gumble's.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall-Mall.**—The Gallery, with a Selection of the Works of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and English Schools, is open daily, from 10 in the Morning until 6 in the Evening.—Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s. (By Order of JOHN YOUNG, Esq., Keeper.)

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On the 1st of July will appear, price 1s. No. 1, of **THE PALLADIUM**.—This Publication will aim at combining the peculiar advantages of a Review and Magazine, and will be conducted on impartial and liberal principles.—Published by Simpkin & Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court. To be continued Monthly.

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2718s. 2724s. 2730s. 2736s. 2742s. 2748s. 2754s. 2760s. 2766s. 2772s. 2778s. 2784s. 2790s. 2796s. 2802s. 2808s. 2814s. 2820s. 2826s. 2832s. 2838s. 2844s. 2850s. 2856s. 2862s. 2868s. 2874s. 2880s. 2886s. 2892s. 2898s. 2904s. 2910s. 2916s. 2922s. 2928s. 2934s. 2940s. 2946s. 2952s. 2958s. 2964s. 2970s. 2976s. 2982s. 2988s. 2994s. 3000s. 3006s. 3012s. 3018s. 3024s. 3030s. 3036s. 3042s. 3048s. 3054s. 3060s. 3066s. 3072s. 3078s. 3084s. 3090s. 3096s. 3102s. 3108s. 3114s. 3120s. 3126s. 3132s. 3138s. 3144s. 3150s. 3156s. 3162s. 3168s. 3174s. 3180s. 3186s. 3192s. 3198s. 3204s. 3210s. 3216s. 3222s. 3228s. 3234s. 3240s. 3246s. 3252s. 3258s. 3264s. 3270s. 3276s. 3282s. 3288s. 3294s. 3300s. 3306s. 3312s. 3318s. 3324s. 3330s. 3336s. 3342s. 3348s. 3354s. 3360s. 3366s. 3372s. 3378s. 3384s. 3390s. 3396s. 3402s. 3408s. 3414s. 3420s. 3426s. 3432s. 3438s. 3444s. 3450s. 3456s. 3462s. 3468s. 3474s. 3480s. 3486s. 3492s. 3498s. 3504s. 3510s. 3516s. 3522s. 3528s. 3534s. 3540s. 3546s. 3552s. 3558s. 3564s. 3570s. 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